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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

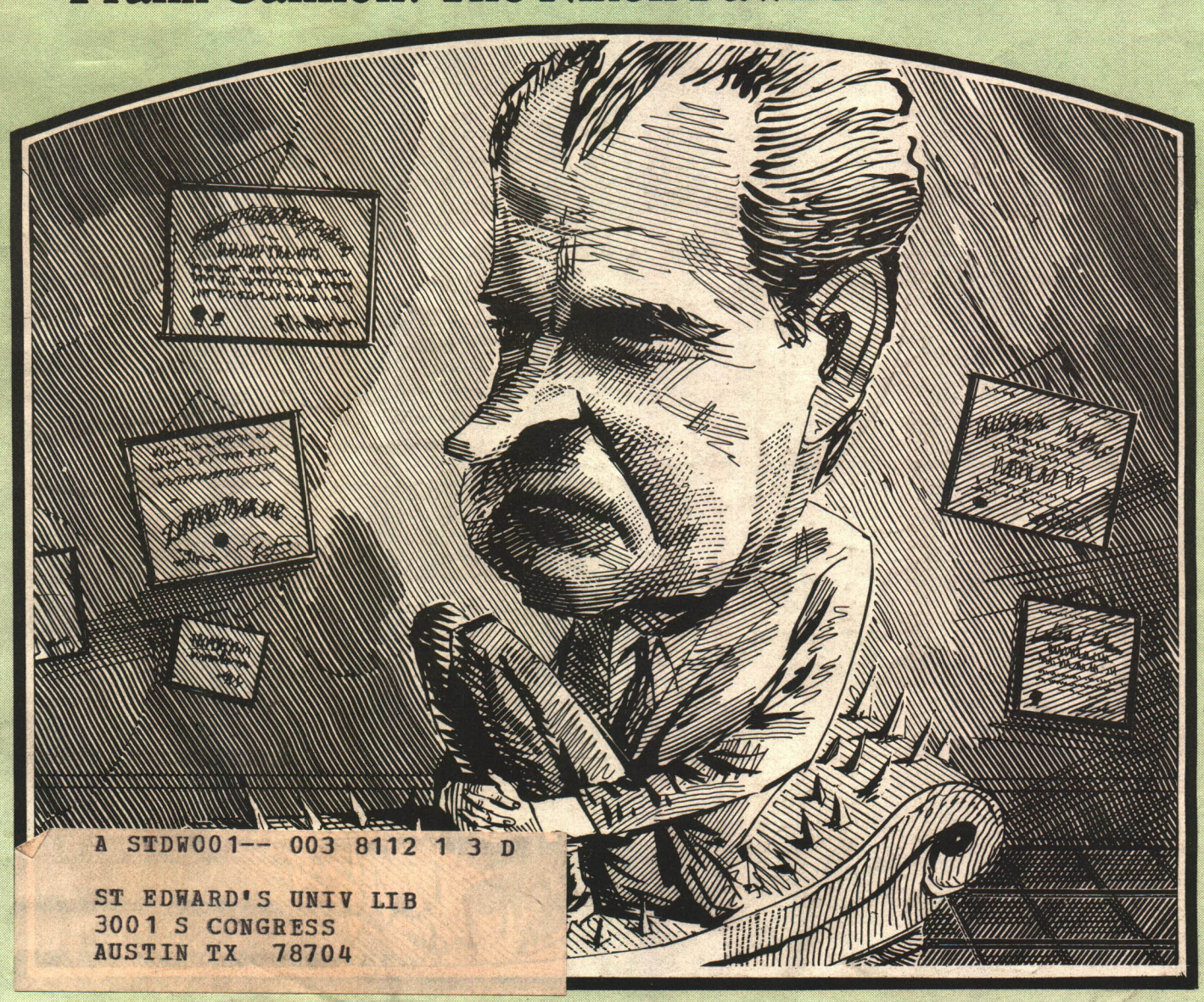
VOL. 14 DECEMBER 1981 NO. 12

Robert L. Pfaltzgraff, Jr.: Strategic Modernization

John P. Sisk: The Ultimate Consumer

Byron Rogers: Muggeridge, Comedian and Prophet

Frank Gannon: The Nixon Fawn Brodie Knew



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EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• October, and something unsavory stews in Europe: rancorous shouts against our suave president's reiteration of long-established NATO strategies, "peace" demonstrations singling out the United States for especial vilification and rebuke, orders to shape up our economy from President François Mitterrand whose own vision of economic rectitude is drawn from the socialist whoop whoop of Dr. Marx.

• On October 10, some 250,000 Hun demonstrators were bussed in air-conditioned comfort to Bonn, West Germany, where they yowled against those U.S. defense policies that have so saddened their heroic Soviet friends. On October 18, the Greek electorate voted in the Socialist opposition, composed in the main of the kind of philosophical positivists who sing the *Internationale,* rob everyone from the flower vendor on the corner to the village pharmacist, and—their country now bankrupt—head off to the United Nations, tin cup in hand. Finally, on October 25 still more anti-Gringo galoots clambered onto buses. This time they journeyed to Paris, Brussels, and London where they heard such magnificoes as Mrs. Kurt Waldheim and the lunatic Wedgwood-Benn pound their heads and froth against bugaboos. Of course, what stews in Europe is vintage anti-Americanism, and by the end of the month columnists as sophisticated as William Safire were beginning to question aloud how long the United States was going to remain Europe's abused nanny.

• Social justice ensnared Yellville, Arkansas, at least tentatively when the Arkansas Humane Society forced the sponsors of the Thirty-sixth Annual Yellville Turkey Trot to desist from their time-honored practice of releasing turkeys (*Meleagris gallopavo*) from low-flying planes over metropolitan Yellville. The victory, however, proved evanescent, for during the Yellville revels, an incognito death plane swept low and released two plump turkeys while accomplices in nearby buildings committed defenestration most foul with ten more helpless birds. In Denver, Colorado, a 25-year-old absent-minded holdup man attracted notoriety and cruel derision when during a robbery attempt he noticed that he had forgotten his firearm. In Fresno, California, some of Mr. Norman Lear's most chilling fears re the spread of the Christian camorra were realized when Mr. Terrill Clark Williams, 42, finally located a judge willing to change Mr. Clark's name to God. "It's something I've wanted to do for a long time," the writer and broadcaster explained, but until recently he had been unable to find an agreeable judge. Now, alas, the Holy Rollers are at work even in the judiciary.

• In New York City, the District Attorney's sex crimes division has finally cracked the case of the phantom spanker and is charging a $50,000-a-year IRS tax collector from Glen Neck, New Jersey, with perpetrating countless grisly spankings upon New York City coeds, notwithstanding the fact that some had read Hannah Arendt. Even by the standards of New York City coeds this was a shocking case. Apparently the accused, Mr. Stephen J. Davidson, masquerading as a Hollywood talent scout, would hornswoggle the coeds into entering his "studio"; baring their bosoms; donning red miniskirts, straw boaters, and Peter Pan collars; and then allowing him to administer the old jolly-what-for across their buttocks—all under the pretense of searching for "the perfect screamer." Actually, Mr. Davidson could have saved himself a lot of time had he begun his search with Congresswoman Patricia Schroeder. The highly reputable *New York Times* reports that at a recent Colorado Mental Health Conference she predicted that "women would suffer increasing mental illness in the Reagan Administration because the president believed women were less important than men. . . . women would suffer greater depression as a result of viewpoints in the Reagan Administration." There is a stupefying screamer for you.

• Opponents of the National Rifle Association got a lift when Mr. John W. Hinckley, Jr. endorsed gun control in the October 12 issue of *Newsweek* magazine. Responding to a list of twenty questions sent to him by the magazine, the fascinating young man also noted that 1) "watching too much television can cause numerous social disorders," 2) "*Mein Kampf* is a very difficult book to read and almost impossible to understand," and 3) Ronald Reagan "is the best President we've had this century. Let's give the man a chance." On the subject of Jodie Foster he allowed as how her "overflowing brilliance used to intimidate me. But now I think we are equal and rather compatible. Don't you agree?" Certainly he has a point, and the federal judiciary in the District of Columbia being what it is, there is a very good chance that one of the judges, say J. Skelly Wright, will order a trial reconciliation for the young couple.

• In Long Island a telephone caller posing as a psychiatrist has duped at least ten married women into picking up men, bringing them home, and entering into amative sport with them while he urged the women on from the other end of the line. "This guy is good," Nassau County Detective Diane Berni reports. "We have talked to four women and three of the men, and they say he is articulate, glib and absolutely convincing." Yet, though he is good he could be better. For instance, he could send bills. Unrest continues to pother the Amherst campus of the University of Massachusetts where a university administration threat to ban coeducational comfort stations has brought out a vast amount of student opposition, especially from women who simply do not like the sound of segregated toilets. The Pentagon remains mum on how it will repair the ten-megaton Titan 2 missile that Mr. James Richard Saunder, a member of a Catholic Peace group, sprinkled with holy water, and Mr. Steve Kunath has discovered that the Lincoln Memorial has the wrong date for the admission of Ohio to the Union. The error had gone unnoticed since the Memorial's dedication in 1922.

• Assassins were again busy. This time they mowed down Egypt's President Anwar el-Sadat. The entire massacre was carried live and unedited by our network television. Gun smoke still wafted above the corpses as an intrepid cameraman panned the scene, focusing in on each gory wound. One, a severed arm with bone and muscle colorfully protruding, earned several close-up shots, revealing first the wound, then the maimed victim's dazed face. It was American television at its noble best, and naturally the airwaves resounded for days with windy testimonials from TV personages, making us all privy to what old Anwar meant to them, what he had confided to them, and so forth. Were Nero's Rome still a going concern, would the doings at the Colosseum be featured on ABC Sports, or on ABC's "World News Tonight"? It is a question to ponder.

• In Tampa, Florida, the head of "Taxpayers Against Kiddy Smut" pleaded no contest to sexual misconduct involving an eight-year-old girl and a teenage boy. The Rev. Sun Myung Moon was indicted in Manhattan on charges that he had filed false tax returns. Mr. Thomas Coffman, the discriminating American who shot his television set 31 times, has been fired from his job as a carpet cleaner. And in Chicago, Illinois, the wise coves are still waiting for the response of Chicago feminists to that city's closing of a sex emporium which used only Susan B. Anthony Dollars for admittance to its obscene dance.

• Finally, at the end of the month the world's citizenry was on tenterhooks as the Swedes issued immature and dangerous threats against the Soviets, all because a lone Soviet submarine had foundered ten yards off a Swedish shoreline. When will the galoots begin their demonstrations against Scandinavia's fascists?

—*RET*

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CONTENTS

The Reagan Administration and the Common Defense ..... Robert L. Pfaltzgraff, Jr. 7
Moving toward assured survival.

Books for Christmas 13
Holiday gift suggestions from renowned writers and readers.

The Playboy and the Czar: Images of Insatiability ..... John P. Sisk 19
The consumer gods will not be mocked.

The Good Dog Richard Affair ..... Frank Gannon 25
Shocking insights into Richard Nixon from the late Fawn Brodie.

DEPARTMENTS

The Continuing Crisis 2
Editorial / Cavemen on the Hill ..... R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 4
Capitol Ideas / Archaic Notions ..... Tom Bethell 5
The Nation's Pulse / Bedpan Hospitality ..... Ernest van den Haag 31
Presswatch / Speaking for Supply ..... Fred Barnes 32
Special Correspondence / On Behalf of Hadley Arkes and Leslie Gelb ..... Letters from Daniel N. Robinson, Harry V. Jaffa, and Peter W. Rodman 42
Index for Volume 14 44
The Current Wisdom ..... Assorted Jackasses 46

BOOK REVIEWS

Malcolm Muggeridge: A Life, by Ian Hunter ..... Byron Rogers 35
Dean Rusk, by Warren I. Cohen ..... Alonzo L. Hamby 36
Never Complain, Never Explain: The Story of Henry Ford II, by Victor Lasky ..... Vic Gold 39
Blue Smoke & Mirrors, by Jack W. Germond and Jules Witcover ..... Alan L. Miller 40

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EDITORIAL

CAVEMEN ON THE HILL

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

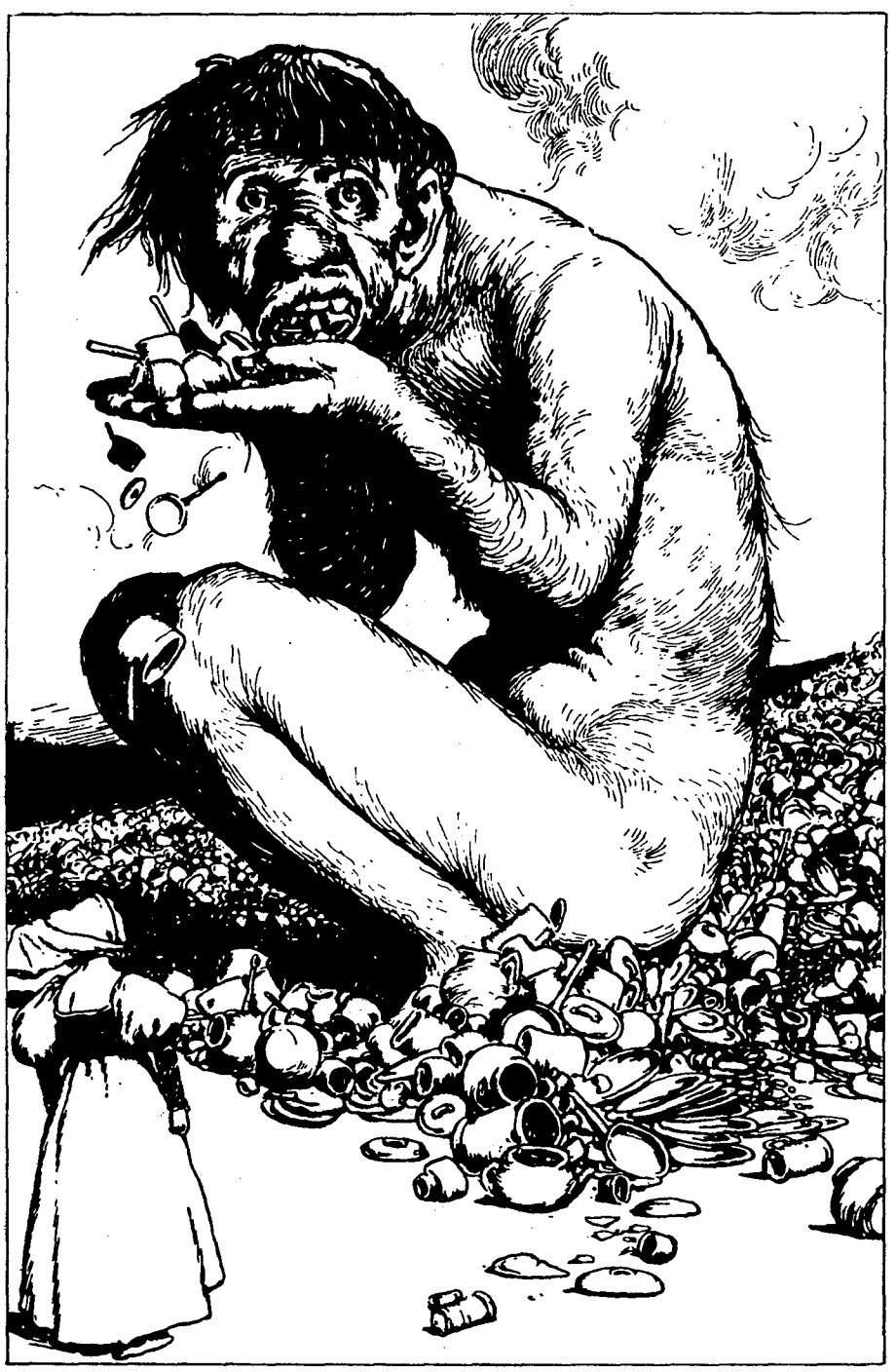
It cannot be easy to be a United States congressman. I know it looks easy, all that smiling, schmoosing, and striking of heroic poses; but the fact is that it must be very difficult for the solons of Capitol Hill actually to perform their public services on a hill. How much more comfortable and fitting it would be for them if their business were conducted in a cave.

Consider last month's humbug with the budget. Do you think it was easy for them to pass that extravagant appropriations bill, the one that put donkey ears and a clown costume on budget ceilings which they themselves had passed last summer midst solemnity and self-congratulations nauseating to behold? Not at all. For months the right honorable gentlemen have been taking bows before the folks back home for passing the Gramm-Latta budget reconciliation bill, that historic bill which gave our thrifty president the ceilings on expenditures he so dearly sought as a tool against inflation.

Yet the corridors of Congress are honeycombed with nooks and crannies. From these dark recesses lobbyists of the milch-cow state have been shaking their fists as the solons hunkered by. Last month the pressure became intolerable. Many of the honorable gentlemen capitulated, passing an $87.3 billion appropriations bill for social programs that blasted colossal holes through their own ceilings of last summer. It was $3.9 billion over the president's budget request and $763 million over the Congress's own ceilings. Such transactions are better concluded in dark places.

Nor is this the last time that the taxpayers are going to be dunned for these social programs. Doubtless by the end of the year the cost will be even higher. It is the custom on Capitol Hill intentionally to underappropriate entitlement programs. When the money runs out the solons come forth blubbering for more lest there be starving in the streets.

Of course the blubbering has already begun, for some of these great statesmen blubber at the least provocation. Thus last month we heard the Right Honorable Silvio O. Conte of the great Commonwealth of Massachusetts pronounce: "This bill is America's investment in humanity." Alas, America has been making investments of this sort for over a decade, and today an increasing number of observers believe that America has put its money in far too many salted mines. They conclude that a good many of the programs that were fattened up last month are extremely dubious, fraught with waste, corruption, and the kind of inefficiencies for which our Federal Government has grown legendary.



One such program is food stamps, which *Time* magazine tells us "along with Medicare-Medicaid is the most scandal-tinged of entitlements, exceeding even welfare; the rip-off is estimated at about $1.5 billion a year." Moreover, *Time* calculates that possibly as many as one-fourth of the Medicaid patients in nursing homes and mental institutions do not belong there. Obviously, if the waste and corruption of these programs alone were eliminated, last month's extravagant appropriation could have been fitted under the Reagan administration's budgetary ceilings.

And was our welfare system, our "safety net," really "cut to shreds" by the Reagan budget ceilings as gypsy moth Bill Green declared? This year nearly half of all federal spending will go toward maintaining this safety net, even with the Reagan administration's ceilings. In the 1950s, only one-fifth of our budget went toward such programs. How is it that with this enormous increase in social spending things have grown so desperate for the poor?

In truth, of course, it is not the poor who are in such desperate need of the programs of our milch-cow state but the middle-class tycoons of the poverty programs. Looking back on a decade of growth in the kind of social programs that were fattened up last month Daniel Patrick Moynihan stated in *The Politics of a Guaranteed Income:* "With astonishing consis-

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tency middle-class professionals . . . when asked to devise ways of improving the condition of lower-class groups would come up with schemes of which the first effect would be to improve the condition of middle-class professionals and the second effect might or might not be that of improving the condition of the poor."

The humbug of last month has been going on for years. It has led to enormous deficits and dreadful inflation. Inflation gnaws at everyone's income, but it is most ruinous to those who have least. If gypsy moths and the other blights upon our budgetary process really want to help the poor they will slay inflation. They will live by last summer's ceilings. □

CAPITOL IDEAS

ARCHAIC NOTIONS

by Tom Bethell

I recently received a letter from my left-wing, *Guardian*-reading sister in England, and enclosed with it was a newspaper article by a certain Professor E.P. Thompson, clipped from said *Guardian*.

"I suspect it will be anathema to your pro-Reaganist views but I ask you to give it more than a casual glance over," my sister wrote. "You will probably say the positive ideas it contains are unattainable dreams but I say that peace through Reagan's insane arms escalation is even more a hopeless cause because it is not really a cause at all.

"I have recently been banging on doors in Whitworth [Lancashire] collecting signatures for the World Disarmament Campaign (yes, even Whitworth has a flourishing peace group). The thing that has stunned me most has been to find that there is widespread fear—not of the Russians walking in but of American aggression. This comes not just from the younger people but from the old people who are trusting enough to leave their front doors ajar so that I knock and walk right into their front rooms. They talk about war and wars, particularly the First World War, and American aggression in the same breath.

"Most sign, those that don't frequently say that they agree with what we are trying to do but it is hopeless anyway. One old gentleman refused to sign and then called up the street, 'I'm with you all the way, I hope you get that paper filled up!' It is these people the peace groups are beginning to reach. CND [Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament] is losing its off-beat image and is becoming respectable. Politicians are beginning to take note.

"The churches except the Quakers and Methodists are being typically and disappointingly cautious and 'unChristian' in their lack of willingness to take any initiative. I find this very chilling and depressing though at least my own priest who is not very inspiring on most matters has come down firmly on the side of disarmament, no less."

She concluded by saying that she would be joining the CND march on London at the end of October, with 100,000 marchers hoped for. Their guru, Professor Thompson, would be marching bravely at the head of the column, risking the wrath of London bobbies, Coldstream guardsmen, and other such resolute defenders of the existing order.

I thought I might reply to this letter pointing out that in my youth, some twenty years ago, I too used to wend my way to London on CND marches, which in those days began at Aldermaston. Their main appeal, as far as I was concerned, was the motley array of New Orleans-style brass bands which would add a sprightly beat to the march. The disheveled Cockneys from the East End of London who somehow made their way to Aldermaston never seemed to mind particularly if they were joined by one or two equally disheveled undergraduates, trumpets and clarinets in hand: That was the only way I could ever get to play with the Londoners, who were all far more proficient on their instruments than I was.

Oh well, those distant days of the Aldermaston lark seem innocent by comparison with today's determined neutralists. I suppose that's what my sister meant when she said that CND "is losing its off-beat image." (Bearded trumpeters in duffel coats.)

"Twenty years on," a recent article in the (London) *Observer* noted, "the predominantly middle-class character of the movement still remains. Just as the media caricature of the early CNDer was of a bearded, pipe-smoking, tweed-suited, sandal-shod, free-thinking vegetarian, nowadays the corresponding image might be of a thirtyish, non-smoking, university educated, professionally employed person [notice how deferentially the writer draws the modern stereotype] . . . . The contemporary movement differs from its predecessor in having a much greater involvement of women. In part this is just a reflection of the growth of feminism and of the politicization of successive generations of young women." →

Tom Bethell, The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent, holds the DeWitt Wallace Chair in Communications at the American Enterprise Institute.*

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I have been trying to figure out why the nuclear disarmament movement has suddenly flared up again with such virulence after so many years' remission. After all, atomic weapons on both sides of the Iron Curtain have been unceasingly with us in the interim. Almost certainly the election of Ronald Reagan and the renewed American resolve has got a great deal to do with it. For more than a decade we had the Vietnam quagmire and defeat, Pentagon Papers, Watergate, assault on the CIA, Jimmy Carter in the White House (planting the kiss of peace on Brezhnev's cheek). In short, everything was going badly for America, which of course was intensely satisfying to the international Left. No need to agitate or take to the streets while America was doing the Left's dirty work of its own accord.

I turned to the *Guardian* article, in which this Professor Thompson had written: ". . . these are dangerous people: Caspar Weinberger, Richard Allen, Lawrence Eagleburger, and all those advisors now grouped around President Reagan—men with minds like delivery systems, whose knowledge of Europe is minimal, who are too busy to read what Europeans have to say, and who have time only to scan a page or two of briefing as they fly from one planning meeting to the next. . . . These people need the cold war and they are determined to soup it up. They are determined to get their new hardware down: cruise missiles, the neutron bomb, nerve gas, the MX. There are only Two Camps: the USA, sometimes known, for some archaic reason, as 'the Free World,' versus Communist terrorism. Anyone who resists their objectives must be neutralist, and neutralists must be pro-Soviet."

The professor was a tiny bit careless there, letting his Communist sympathies show incautiously, when he used the phrase "for some archaic reason." Of course the point is that the U.S. and Western Europe still do enjoy freedom, while all Communist countries are unfree, as is strikingly demonstrated by the high walls and barbed wire encircling them lest their inhabitants run away.

For some extraordinary reason, which I have never quite been able to grasp, liberty is an utterly trivial thing to left-wing intellectuals. One could perhaps respect this outlook if such lefties were themselves prepared to forego their own liberty by emigrating to the Soviet Union, to help Build a New Society, to assist in the construction of New Soviet Man, and so on. But somehow it turns out that these people never have the courage of their convictions. On the contrary, they partake of freedom to its fullest, noisily asserting their right to march and demonstrate. But one can't help notice that they confine themselves to demonstrating against the demonstrably harmless—Americans, Her Majesty's Government. (The Russians, on the other hand, are rather more formidable and might conceivably take a swipe at those who hoist a placard against them.)

My own impression is that leftists actually rather despise liberty and believe that societies from which it has been excluded are morally superior to those in which it lingers on. (For goodness sake, how can anything be *planned* if people are allowed to go about making things without permission?) Thus Professor Thompson and his ilk can adopt a pose of "neutrality" between East and West, between slavery and freedom, knowing full well that such a posture—in its refusal to condemn coercion or even draw attention to it—unobtrusively denigrates the cause of liberty.

I called my sister. She was looking forward to the march, and the opportunity "to bring people's attention to the fact that we are heading straight for World War III." The immediate object of the exercise, she said, was to get rid of Pershing II and Cruise missiles. Then America "would no longer be able to use us as a giant aircraft carrier, for the sake of belief in American freedom."

Freedom, in fact, seemed to occupy a rather lowly place in her system of values. "When you look at our Western way of life there isn't much to defend," she went on. "It's pretty sickening, isn't it?"

In what way? I inquired.

"We're overrun with evils ourselves," she said. "Corrupt politicians. The consumer society. Wasteful energy consumption." And so on.

It was her contention that if Western Europe disarmed itself, the Soviet Union in fact would refrain from launching a Hitler-style attack on the West. This may well be true, but of course the point is that they would not have to. This is because the Kremlin ultimately seeks to achieve an ideological rather than a territorial victory. Various European countries have already demonstrated the point that once military defenses against Communism are abandoned, then the nation in question becomes simultaneously defenseless against the ideas of Communism, which invade it and infect it like a plague. Holland comes to mind. And others seem likely to follow. Such countries then are ruled by people who are ideologically compatible with Moscow; at which point military invasion by the Soviets becomes utterly superfluous. (Mitterrand of France seems to disprove this thesis at present; I predict, however, that his anomalous position will soon disappear, when he abandons either the pretense of socialism or anti-Sovietism.)

Countries that abandon resistance to the Soviet Union sooner or later find themselves playing host to a microbial army of occupation, the microbes being ideas. That is the point. It is of course a delightful prospect to people (such as Professor Thompson) who never did think there was much wrong with Communism to begin with. And as my sister made clear, if you don't particularly admire your own system to begin with, why risk nuclear war to defend it? I suspect that she is typical of hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of people in Western Europe (and the United States, too, I should guess).

Well, the march was a great success, apparently. The Labour Party leadership showed up and addressed the crowd, which was numbered at 150,000 by police (and a quarter of a million by organizers). The defecting peer Wedgwood Anthony ("call me Tony") Benn said: "The Poles stood up to the Kremlin. It's time we stood up to the Pentagon and closed the U.S. bases in Britain." I asked my sister if anyone she had spoken to in the course of the march had said anything to suggest that the Soviet Union was a threat to peace. No no, not a word, she said. Readers, be warned: It is WE, the United States, who are the enemy—never mind the foundering boatloads of refugees sailing to our shores.

I gather that a Soviet camera crew filmed the final stages of the disarmament march. One imagines that the resulting footage was marked "rush" and mailed to Moscow. □

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Robert L. Pfaltzgraff, Jr.

THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION AND THE COMMON DEFENSE

Moving toward assured survival.

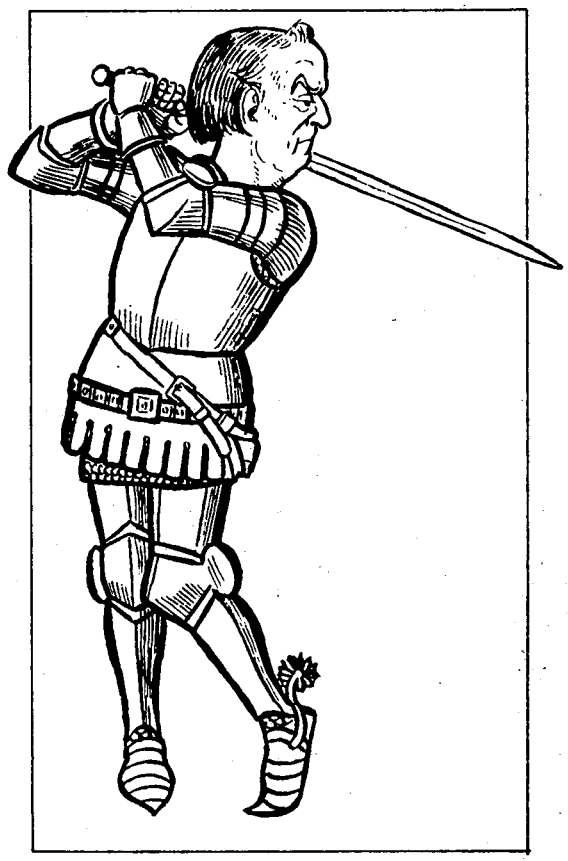
The election of 1980 represented a mandate for change both in domestic economic policy and in foreign policy and defense. The coalition that elected President Reagan encompassed not only those who saw the need for substantial shift in economic policy with reduced governmental regulation, but also those who viewed the world of the 1980s as containing dangers making necessary a greater effort on behalf of the common defense. By 1980 it was widely acknowledged that the Soviet Union had been engaged in a vast strategic-military buildup during the SALT decade. It was unaffected in any readily discernible way by the efforts of the United States, under Democratic or Republican presidents, to devise an adequate framework for détente and for the limitation of strategic armaments, first in the SALT I Accords of the Nixon administration and subsequently in the Carter administration's emphasis both on the SALT II Treaty and arms control by example—the exercise of unilateral restraint by the cancellation of programs such as the B-1 and delays in the deployment of other new generation weapons systems.

Numerous official and non-governmental studies have provided somber analyses of trends in Soviet military spending. In the report of the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff on U.S. military posture for fiscal year 1982, General David D. Jones listed the factors that, in his view, have transformed the international security environment:

> The loss of U.S. strategic superiority, extensive modernization of Soviet ground, sea, and air forces, sustained improvements in Soviet force projection capability, Soviet use of proxy forces to support revolutionary factions around the world, increased turbulence in areas of vital economic importance to the industrial democracies—these and other developments have transformed the character of the world and of our strategic requirements without a corresponding transformation in our strategy and the forces needed to carry it out.

In late September the Reagan administration, in an apparent effort to broaden public understanding in the United States and among its allies, published an assessment based in part on hitherto classified information about Soviet capabilities. In the preface, Secretary of Defense Weinberger noted that

> In the past quarter century, we have witnessed the continuing growth of Soviet military power at a pace that shows no signs of slackening in the future. All elements of the Soviet Armed Forces—the Strategic Rocket Forces, the Ground Forces of the Army, the Air Forces, the Navy and the Air Defense Forces—continue to modernize with an unending flow of new weapons systems, tanks, missiles, ships, artillery and aircraft.



Critics were quick to suggest that the report failed to compare Soviet and American capabilities. Such a comparative analysis, of course, together with an assessment of respective strategies and foreign policy goals, is indispensable for informed decisions about future weapons programs. But the fact remains that in most indicators of military power the Soviet Union has either surpassed the United States, or threatens to do so. This state of affairs will remain unchanged unless U.S. progams now contemplated or actually underway reach fruition. With few exceptions, this will not take place until at least the end of this decade.

The Reagan administration assumed office committed to the restoration of a "margin of safety" to U.S. military capabilities, both at the strategic-nuclear level and in general purpose forces. The administration added substantial new funding to a defense budget that had been increased in the last year of President Carter's tenure in response to the deteriorating U.S.-Soviet relationship, particularly after the Soviets invaded Afghanistan in December 1979. The incoming Reagan administration concluded properly that the United States faced a period of heightened vulnerability for which the appropriate remedy lay in simultaneous efforts in strategic force modernization, strengthening the U.S. Navy, building more adequate ground forces, and acquiring other power projection capabilities.

The decisions a government faces are usually more complex than the solutions espoused by candidates for office. Never-

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theless, the Reagan campaign and its defense advisors reflected a broadly based sense of public concern about the adequacy of American defense, and, more important, developed an understanding of defense needs substantially different from the Carter administration's. As a candidate, Reagan supported the MX but opposed the Carter plan to deploy 200 launchers that would be shifted among 4600 shelters. Candidate Reagan advocated the building of the B-1 to replace part of the aging B-52 force, while Carter had announced his opposition even before he became president. Reagan advocated a return to a navy of at least 600 ships, as well as other efforts to strengthen American defense forces. He expressed deep concern about the formidable personnel retention problems confronting the U.S. military establishment, although he seemed even less willing than his predecessor to contemplate some form of national service.

Until the announcement on October 2 that the B-1 would be built and the MX would be deployed in fixed silos, the administration's strategic modernization program had lagged behind domestic economic policy and, to a lesser extent, foreign policy. Much will now be made by critics of what is said to be a contradiction between the administration's emphasis upon a "window of vulnerability"—the alleged capability of the Soviet Union to destroy all or most of the fixed land-based Minuteman force—and its decision not to deploy MX in a basing mode designed to enhance survivability by shuttling 200 missiles among 4600 shelters. If fixed land-based missiles are vulnerable to a counterforce attack as a result of the growing accuracy, number, and size of Soviet missiles, the administration's announced plan to deploy MX in superhardened fixed silos would only postpone the vulnerability problem for a few years, the critics charge.

When considering options before making its decision, the administration was opposed by some of its closest political allies in Nevada and Utah, where the MX would have been based on federal lands. The impact upon these states was feared even by supporters of a strengthened U.S. defense capability. Whatever the effects of such opposition upon the final decision, the principal question facing the administration was how to close the window of vulnerability in the shortest possible time, a concern shared by many respected outside analysts as well. To be sure, certain immediate options were available —"quick fixes" as they have come to be called. In fact, Secretary of Defense Weinberger's proposed deployment of ICBMs aboard aircraft represented one potential solution, although experts within the Air Force and outside were quick to point out that airborne deployment would cause other problems, such as diminished accuracy and the diversion of C-5 transport aircraft from their assigned missions. Moreover, it would raise the possibility that a Soviet barrage attack with nuclear weapons over the air space of the United States could destroy an airborne ICBM force.

Short of such quick fixes, new systems could not augment U.S. strategic force levels in the years immediately ahead unless the lead time for weapons development and acquisition were to be drastically reduced. At present rates of procurement, the MX would not begin to be deployed until the middle years of a second Reagan administration and would not reach full deployment until well after President Reagan's successor had taken office. The lack of coincidence between the period of maximum vulnerability and deployment time confronts the administration in the B-1 decision to a lesser extent, since the first of the aircraft, unless further delays are encountered, would be available in late 1984, with full deployment of 100 aircraft possible before the mid-point of the next administration. Of all the potentially available strategic systems, the B-1 could be fully completed well within the second half of the present decade of strategic vulnerability.

The Reagan administration faces a dilemma between the need to strengthen capabilities within this decade and the need to develop weapons systems based on new generation technologies. In each of its strategic force modernization decisions, the administration has had to grapple with this problem: whether to acquire systems whose development is based on existing state-of-the-art technologies or to press Research and Development for new generation systems whose prospects are uncertain and would not in any case be ready within the decade.

After the Carter administration's decision against the B-1, the issue came to be not whether the United States should build a new generation bomber, but rather which one: the B-1, a stretched version of the FB-111, or a wholly advanced generation aircraft based on so-called stealth technologies that will not be available before the next decade. Either the B-1 or a stretched version FB-111 could be produced in comparable time, although the B-1 is far superior in payload, range, and mission versatility.

With the administration's decision both to procure 100 B-1s and to put large scale funding into the advanced generation stealth, the debate has shifted to Capitol Hill, where opponents of the B-1 will argue that we cannot afford the former if we are to pursue the latter and, in any event, by the time it is produced, the B-1 will allegedly face a far more lethal Soviet air defense system restricting its ability to fly over the Soviet Union. Of course, we do not know what the precise state of Soviet air defenses will be by the late 1980s, just as there is no assurance that a future generation of wholly new aircraft will not confront a Soviet air defense system based on concepts not yet even on the drawing board. Such arguments against American weapons systems have been used in recent years with increasing frequency. With a lengthening lead time, as well as other delays plaguing the acquisition process, we are in danger of falling behind the Soviet Union simply as a result of our complex decision-making process. The expectation that weapons decisions must be based on perfect knowledge about the future system's capabilities and the strategic environment within which it will operate is unrealistic. Since such knowledge must remain imperfect, the effect is to create doubts about a weapons system and diminish the prospects for its acquisition. Thus while the United States postpones its weapons choices, the Soviet Union deploys a series of imperfect

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systems—by our standards—and simultaneously makes costly investments in R&D for wholly new capabilities. A decision not to deploy the B-1 would have delayed acquisition of a successor to the aging B-52 until the 1990s. Such a decision would have had to deal with the uncertainties inherent in R&D, including a lengthening lead time between the drawing board and the weapons inventory. By that time, the image of some wholly new technology on the distant horizon might have again forestalled any decision. Such an approach would confine armaments policy to an endless R&D phase without deployment. It would be an acceptable means for replacing aging systems only if the adversary were kind enough to reciprocate.

By choosing the B-1, as well as funding research for a successor aircraft, the administration has taken a prudent course of action. As part of the TRIAD of U.S. strategic nuclear forces, the B-1 would replace the B-52 in penetration missions into the Soviet Union. When the United States eventually develops a new generation stealth aircraft, the B-1 would replace the B-52 force, equipped with cruise missiles in a stand-off deployment mode. Furthermore, the B-1 holds potential as a conventional power projection force, both as a component of a rapid deployment force, supplementing forward deployed naval air power, and for sea control missions designed (as envisaged in the Reagan administration's forward naval strategy) to destroy enemy surface fleets before they could threaten vital U.S. interests. As a strategic nuclear aircraft, the B-1 is potentially the most flexible component of the TRIAD of U.S. strategic forces and, therefore, a potentially important instrument in crisis management. The variant of the aircraft to be procured by the Reagan administration, it is hoped, will be versatile enough to perform a variety of missions, both nuclear and conventional, against targets on land and at sea, in support of both a strategic TRIAD and the conduct of conventional warfare.

The dilemma between the shorter and longer terms in defense procurement is also evident in the options for enhancing MX survivability. By choosing to deploy MX in fixed silos, the administration has postponed until 1984 a decision about further measures necessary to reduce vulnerability. The present decision to develop a cruise missile that could be launched from the torpedo tubes of attack submarines, to construct a system designed to strengthen communications with submerged ballistic missile submarines, and, in time, to produce a more accurate warhead for missiles deployed on such submarines leaves the administration the option of increased emphasis on sea-based deterrents.

Other options include the deployment of some form of ballistic missile defense. In contrast to its predecessors since the ABM Treaty of 1972, the Reagan administration appears committed to ballistic missile defense to enhance ICBM survivability. Although it is by no means self-evident that the United States should abrogate, or even amend, the ABM Treaty, the formal review at five-year intervals stipulated in the Treaty and scheduled for 1982 can be expected to be more than the pro forma exercise of 1977. For example, a decision by the United States to press for changes permitting strategic defense of a substantial number of its land-based ICBMs would presumably be based upon conclusive evidence that the U.S. was technologically able to deploy such a system before the Soviet Union could do so. Although such an assessment must necessarily be based upon the best intelligence reports available about Soviet programs in strategic defense, it is not self-evident that the United States, under present circumstances, could complete such a deployment before the Soviet Union. In fact, in the absence of an accelerated American R&D program—to which the Reagan administration thankfully is now committed—apprehension has grown that the Soviet Union may be preparing a "breakout" capability designed to exploit whatever technological advantage it believes it may now enjoy.

A renewal of serious interest in strategic defense bespeaks an important shift in the American military affairs community. A decade ago, the strategic doctrine of mutual assured destruction attracted widespread support among defense analysts. Although the United States, in its Single Integrated Operational Plan (SIOP), has always targeted Soviet military capabilities as well as urban-industrial centers, the assumption behind mutual assured destruction was deterrence based upon the ability of both sides to inflict unacceptable levels of damage upon each other's populations and industries. Even in the early seventies, however, there was concern that such a doctrine left unanswered the question posed by President Nixon in 1970: "Should a President, in the event of a nuclear attack, be left with a single option of ordering the mass destruction of enemy civilians, in the face of the certainty that it would be followed by the mass slaughter of Americans?"

An answer to that question was sought, first in the Schlesinger Doctrine of 1974 calling for a U.S. capability to launch a series of limited nuclear strikes against the Soviet Union, and subsequently in the Countervailing Strategy unveiled by the Carter administration in July-August 1980. These efforts to increase U.S. options in crisis management substantially modified the doctrine of mutual assured destruction. This was the significance of President Nixon's question. If crises have often served as surrogates for the actual conduct of warfare, the ability of one side to obtain accommodation or de-escalation from the other party is a function of the former's ability to dominate, or at least influence, the ladder of escalation, as the United States was able to do during the Cuban Missile Crisis thanks to its strategic-nuclear superiority and its decisive advantage in local conventional forces. It goes without saying that the greater the number of perceived options available to one protagonist over the other, the greater his capacity to influence to his advantage the outcome of a crisis, as the United States did at the time of the Cuban Missile Crisis. Presumably, each side would calculate its options and assess the resolve of the other. The implication of the Nixon statement is that, faced with the prospect of highly disadvantageous fatality exchange ratios, an American president could not credibly threaten to use nuclear weapons even in defense of interests deemed to be vital. In

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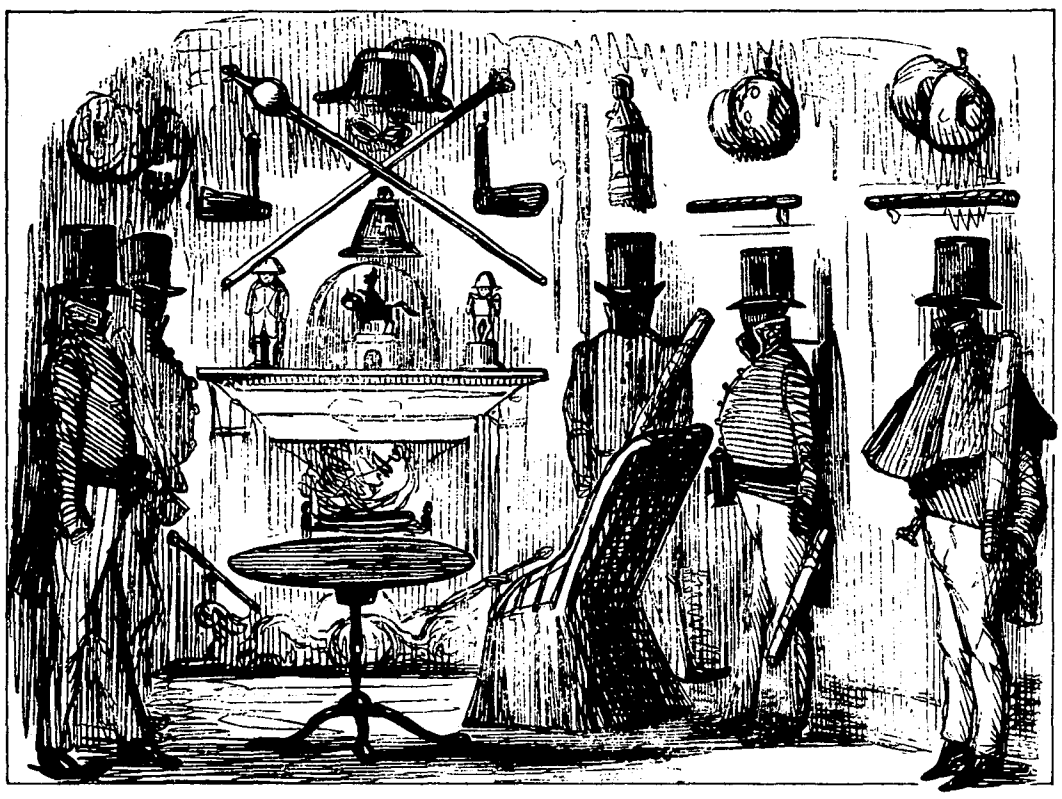
such circumstances, however, a superpower with options not limited to the devastation of its adversary's cities would have an advantage in crisis bargaining even without the actual use of such weapons.

Such considerations must be placed in the context of doctrinal differences between the United States and the Soviet Union. In contrast to expectations held in the 1960s when Robert McNamara was Secretary of Defense, the Soviet Union never did embrace the American conception of mutual assured destruction. Instead, the thinking of the Soviet Union, both in its military literature—intended principally for military elites in the Soviet Union—and in the configuration of its strategic nuclear forces, proved substantially different. This is not to suggest that the Soviet Union believes it can fight and win a nuclear war, though it may believe it eventually can. Whatever the innermost views of the Soviet leaders, Soviet strategic doctrine and force planning have emphasized the development of counterforce capabilities designed primarily to destroy the military capabilities of an adversary rather than to hold his population hostage, which is the basis for deterrence under mutual assured destruction. At the same time, the Soviet Union is committed in deed and word to defending the homeland. This entails the allocation of ample resources to air and civil defense and, it may be inferred, to strategic defense.

This reassessment of Soviet intentions was the basis for the growing influence of defense analysts critical of the doctrine of mutual assured destruction and apprehensive about Soviet strategic designs. By the late 1970s, discussion began to focus on technological options for ballistic missile defense. These included LoAD, a low altitude defense system which would fire ground based interceptors at missiles as they plunged toward their targets. This system would destroy missiles that had penetrated through the first line of strategic defense, a high-altitude system targeted against enemy missiles before they re-entered the earth's atmosphere. Together, these could destroy enough incoming Soviet warheads to assure the survival of an adequate number of U.S. ICBM launchers. Such a layered defense could conceivably be deployed by the end of this decade. Therefore, it clearly deserves high consideration by the Reagan administration in its effort to enhance the survivability of U.S. strategic forces.

The question of more exotic systems has been the object of intense study in the United States for nearly a decade. The concern is that the Soviet Union, sooner or later, might register dramatic breakthroughs in space-based, high energy laser weapons. Such systems would make existing strategic nuclear systems vulnerable to destruction. Potentially, then, they could transform the global balance of power. Although the United States has tested a space shuttle eventually capable of constructing platforms in space, the Soviet Union has deployed the world's first anti-satellite system, which could be used to destroy the surveillance and communications satellites necessary to launch the U.S. strategic nuclear force. In itself, the deployment of an anti-satellite system (like the Soviet development of the counterforce heavy missile, the SS-18) might be regarded by Americans as inherently destabilizing. Unfortunately, Soviet strategic planners have shown little regard for the strategic sensitivities of their adversaries, committed as the Soviet leadership is to a theory of deterrence based on the destruction of an enemy's ability to wage war. Thus, recent efforts (particularly by well-intentioned advocates of arms control) to prevent the militarization of space are likely to be confounded by states already regarding space as a strategic frontier. Clearly, such breakthroughs in exotic space technology would leapfrog the current and emerging generation technologies in many aspects of warfare, from strategic nuclear forces to other systems designed to deter battlefield conflict.

If the potential is enormous, so are the risks if such programs are pursued at the expense of state-of-the-art weapons. There is no easy way to resolve this dilemma, short of the deployment of needed present generation systems while pressing for technologies which could transform the strategic environment. In the case of strategic defense, the potential payoff from each of these systems—layered, LoAD, or space-based lasers—is indeed enormous. To enhance the survivability of strategic forces is the *sine qua non* of deterrence. If prospective technologies for defense of missile silos are eventually superseded by systems adequate to defend cities, it would revolutionize the conduct of warfare. Of course, no technology would conclusively end the prospect of future conflict, since the quest for weapons of destruction will last as long as states retain deeply rooted antagonisms toward each other. Nevertheless, the history of warfare consists of alternating periods in which the offense, and then the defense, was dominant. Why, then, should the present offense-dominant strategic environment not be superseded by an age of defense dominance: the replacement of assured destruction by assured survival?



For all the attention on strategic force modernization, it is easily overlooked that about 90 percent of U.S. defense spending is allocated to general purpose forces. The Reagan administration came to office determined to strengthen these forces. In its early months, the administration mounted a program to improve military readiness: rebuilding inadequate stocks of ammunition and spare parts; increasing pay to help retain personnel; and relieving deficiencies in equipment maintenance. We might recall that among the reasons for the failure of the U.S. hostage rescue operation in Iran in April 1980 was the malfunction of helicopters. Inadequate levels of equipment maintenance are an increasing concern among analysts who have surveyed U.S. defense capabilities. In his *Military Posture* report for fiscal year 1982, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff pointed to deficiencies that "combine to limit the readiness of U.S. forces. Among these are shortfalls in unit equipment, shortages of repair parts, inadequate maintenance, and lack of medical support required for sustainability." Although the urgency of such problems has been recognized, the tendency has been to solve defense budgeting problems by

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deferring the steps necessary to increase sustainability.

But even more formidable is the problem of personnel retention. Although the Reagan administration is opposed to reinstituting the draft, the fact remains that the All Volunteer Force has resulted in significantly higher financial costs. These have been met by reducing force readiness and deferring modernization programs. At a time of increasingly complex weapons systems, the All Volunteer Force has problems attracting and retaining qualified personnel. As declining U.S. birth rates produce heightened competition with the civilian economy, the problem will only become more acute. This is not the place to consider the philosophical basis, most starkly stated by libertarians, against national conscription, except to note that such perspectives, as well as the legacy of the Vietnam war, are likely to continue to diminish the prospects for the resumption of the draft in the Reagan administration, except, of course, in the event of a national emergency.

Among other important defense issues is the modernization of the United States Navy and, in particular, the planned return to a 600-ship navy. This navy would not only defend sea lines of communication, but would also have the means to engage Soviet maritime forces before they reached the high seas. The value of this strategy, if applied to NATO-Europe, lies in the need to secure the North Atlantic against the Soviet naval threat to transatlantic shipping lanes, as well as the sea lines of communication between the North and South Atlantic Oceans. Similarly, in the sea lanes adjacent to Japan, and more broadly in the Western Pacific, an immediate task would be the destruction of enemy naval units. This strategy would require the deployment of as many as three additional carrier task forces, and in the shorter run the reactivation of at least two Iowa class battleships equipped with cruise missiles. Also of crucial importance in the Reagan administration's naval program is the maintenance of a naval battle group in the Indian Ocean-Persian Gulf area. Otherwise, the United States would once again face the need, as in 1979-80, to withdraw naval units from its other fleets to maintain necessary strength in the Indian Ocean. In effect, this would concede naval supremacy in such seas to the Soviet Union, unless allies, such as Japan in the Western Pacific, develop far greater maritime forces.

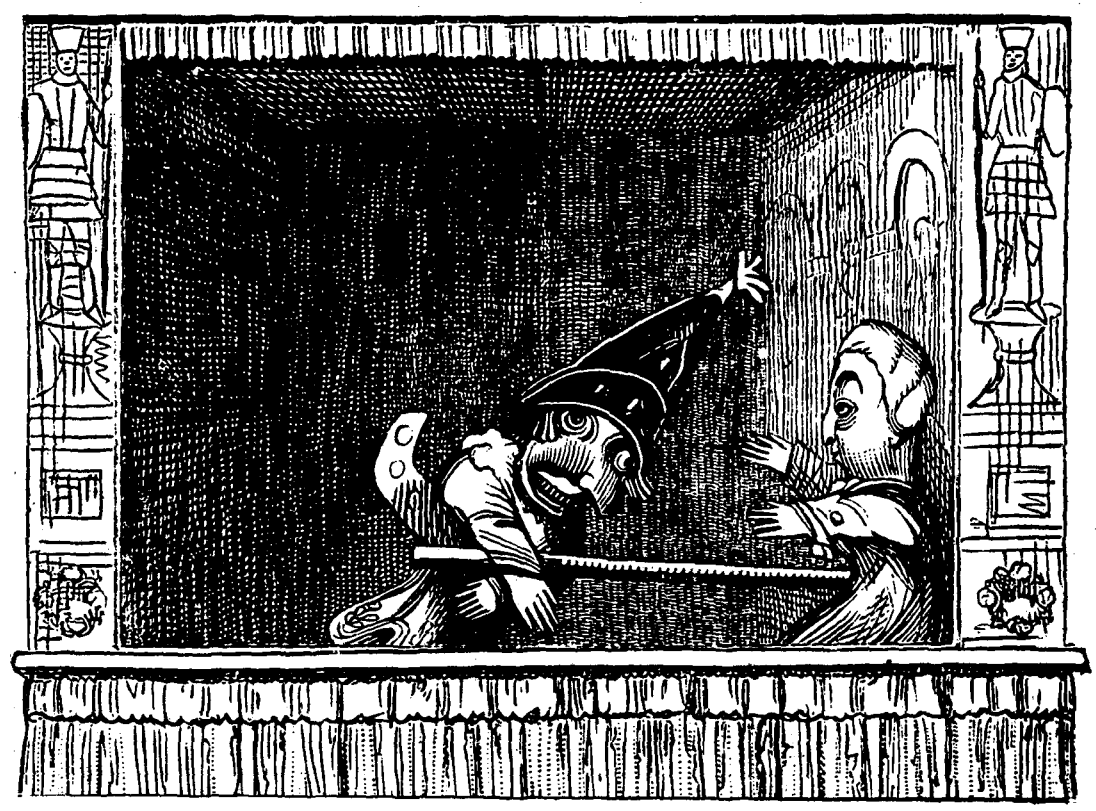
The question of defense burden-sharing is apparent not only in the United States-Japan security relationship, but also in the relations between the United States and its West European allies. At present, there is no prospect that the real increases in the U.S. defense budget will be matched by NATO allies, or that many members of the Atlantic Alliance can even maintain the three percent growth in defense spending to which they committed themselves in 1978. In this case, the disparity between relative contributions to collective defense will widen in favor of the United States. Given these circumstances, can the American consensus for a stronger defense be sustained, particularly if the United States receives no support for its new commitments in the Persian Gulf-Indian Ocean, where the interests of Japan and Western Europe are at least as vital as those of the United States?

European reluctance to increase defense spending despite widely acknowledged growth in Soviet military strength can be rationalized by the formidable economic problems facing the Western European nations, especially Britain, but also the Federal Republic of Germany. Nevertheless, the modernization of NATO theater nuclear forces, a program begun in the Carter administration, now meets with rising opposition, particularly in West Germany and the Netherlands, and increasingly in Britain. Such systems, consisting of a total of 572 Pershing II missiles and Ground Launched Cruise missiles, would be deployed, principally at American expense, at sites in Western Europe controlled by U.S. forces. If it proves impossible to deploy such systems, the effect will no doubt be detrimental to the Reagan administration's other efforts to maintain U.S. security commitments in Western Europe.

The causes for the rising tide of West European opposition are numerous and complex. The NATO strategy of flexible response has rested simultaneously upon low nuclear threshold and a high conventional threshold to reinforce deterrence. Europeans have been equally reluctant to contemplate the fighting of any future conventional war on their territory and to leave escalation to the nuclear level as their only option. American forces stationed in Western Europe have served to assuage European fears that, *in extremis*, the United States would not feel sufficiently committed to invoke its ultimate strategic capability in defense of European interests. At the same time, such forces have contributed to a NATO force structure based upon flexible response below the nuclear threshold.

In light of the growth of Soviet-Warsaw Pact forces, the Reagan administration needs to reassess with its West European allies not only the assumptions which have guided NATO, but also the extent to which there remains in the 1980s a transatlantic consensus sufficient to sustain an adequate Alliance defense capability. The answers are no longer self-evident. With great pressure from Western Europe, the United States is entering arms control negotiations with the Soviet Union on theater nuclear systems, even though under the best circumstances, deployment of the planned NATO systems will not begin before 1983. By contrast, the Soviet Union has already deployed 250 SS-20s, a mobile system of counterforce accuracy, each with three warheads. This deployment effort is continuing, with one new system added to the Soviet inventory approximately every five days. About 175 of these are targeted against Western Europe, with the remainder deployed against targets in East Asia, presumably China and Japan. Thus, what point is there in negotiating with the Soviet Union for limits on such systems that do little more than codify the present disparities favoring Moscow?

West European critics have alleged that the deployment of NATO theater nuclear systems symbolizes the *de facto* decoupling of the U.S. strategic nuclear guarantee from Western Europe. It is feared that the United States would fight a war with nuclear weapons confined to Western Europe, since new generation theater nuclear systems have ranges sufficient to



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strike targets in the Soviet Union. But it may be more plausibly argued that deterrence based upon escalation requires the availability of various weapons systems, some deployed on the territory of allies and others in the United States itself. Any failure to deploy such systems in Western Europe would symbolize a decoupling of European security from that of the United States. Because of such gaps in transatlantic perspectives, American policy toward NATO will be inadequate without an agreed concept for the deterrence of war in Europe.

Nowhere is the problem of power projection in defense of U.S. and allied interests more apparent than in the Rapid Deployment Force. In seeking to win support for the sale of AWACS, President Reagan has made an even more explicit commitment to the defense of Saudi Arabia, and by inference to other Persian Gulf states, than offered by the Carter Doctrine in the wake of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Like its predecessor, the Reagan administration recognizes the need for a Rapid Deployment Force to defend vital interests under adverse circumstances. These include: the great distance over which American or allied power must be projected, in contrast to the Soviet Union's relative proximity to the Middle East-Persian Gulf; the lack of secure military access ashore in the region; and the inevitable need to draw upon forces already deployed in, or committed to, NATO. It is doubtful whether the United States, no matter what the buildup undertaken by the Reagan administration, could ever develop forces for rapid deployment on a massive scale. Therefore, the concept that best serves U.S. interests will necessarily be based upon a highly mobile and agile force, with tactics of maneuver rather than mass. Though inferior in numbers, this force would be sufficient to deter Soviet intervention because any clash with Soviet forces would presumably run the risk of escalation to a level unacceptable to the Soviet Union. Such a concept is fraught with complexity. What is evident, however, is the integral relationship between concepts governing the RDF and other measures to strengthen U.S. defense capabilities.

No discussion of the Reagan administration's defense policy would be complete without considering the adequacy of the defense mobilization base of the United States. It is unfortunate that the CBS television series, entitled "The Defense of the United States," presented in the spring of this year, among its numerous errors and distortions described the defense procurement process as dominated by the "Iron Triangle": defense officials in the Executive Branch, industrial contractors, and the United States Congress, all allegedly "obsessed with procurement—getting exactly the new hardware it wants and as much of it as it can." This is a latter-day version of the much maligned "Military-Industrial Complex" pejoratively used to describe the infrastructure vital to the development of an adequate defense capability—what on the eve of our entry into World War II was more accurately described as the "arsenal of democracy."

To be sure, the present state of the U.S. mobilization base is worthy of criticism, for example, for the long lead times that affect weapons options that will be available—or in most cases unavailable—to the Reagan administration. In addition to lengthening lead times, these problems include inadequate stockpiles of raw materials, low incentives for investment in new technologies, insufficient machine-tool industrial capacity, lack of available subcontractors, burdensome requirements imposed by recent socioeconomic policies and laws, and government procurement procedures that make difficult the development and long-term maintenance of an industrial capacity committed to defense. These problems must be addressed if the United States is to have the means to build defense to adequate levels in this decade of danger.

Because of the enormous sums of money consumed by defense, it is inevitable that, except under conditions of actual warfare, military spending will be subjected to close scrutiny by a public concerned about waste and inefficiency. In recent months, the planned increases in defense programs have confronted the budgetary constraints imposed upon public spending by the administration's economic policies. It is appropriate to finance national security without the deficit spending that contributed to the inflation which gripped the United States in the 1970s. The creation of a stronger American economy, based upon increased incentives to invest, work, save, and produce, can only have a positive effect on the ability of the United States to underwrite its national defense. But to project the exact level of defense spending consistent with the achievement of a balanced budget by 1984 is not possible, for we do not know the full impact of present economic policies upon levels of growth and productivity, and hence tax revenues. Even more important, we cannot know the precise security threats we will face at that time. This is to suggest that defense programs, however dependent they may be upon a nation's overall economic strength, meet their test ultimately outside the ledgers of bookkeepers or the supply-demand curves of economists. In the final analysis, the defense programs of the Reagan administration will serve the needs of the United States and those other peoples whose destiny is intertwined with ours, only if they protect our interests in the dangerous world of the 1980s.

It is apparent that in recent years our strategies and capabilities have not matched the threat facing us. In the absence of a strategy that relates means to ends, military forces cannot be designed that hold the prospect for effective defense without excessive cost. In any event, we will need several years of major defense effort to move beyond the vulnerabilities presently confronting us. It is conceivable that manifestations of political will and of increased commitment to security will help in the meantime to substitute for needed capabilities, although such an approach to defense has inherent limits. The challenge facing the administration is the designing of such force levels based upon sound strategic concepts and linked to the other tools of statecraft, including diplomacy, to help fashion a world in which our interests are preserved. Its strategic force modernization decisions, together with other measures adopted in recent months, represent a necessary first step toward providing an adequate common defense. □

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BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

Holiday gift suggestions from renowned writers and readers.

ELLIOTT ABRAMS

It is unfashionable in government circles to read documents of greater length than five pages. Nevertheless, I have recently read and recommend *A Bend in the River* by V.S. Naipaul, a superb rendition of the "modernization" of Africa, and J.B. Kelly's *Arabia, the Gulf and the West,* a brilliant analysis of the Middle East. My wife, Rachel, who reads, insists that I recommend *Joseph and His Brothers,* the greatest of Thomas Mann's novels, more glorious than the Bible's Joseph, and Henry James's neglected masterpiece about women, *The Bostonians.* We both recommend *The Present Danger* by Norman Podhoretz, which is sufficiently short and to the point to demand the attention of all thoughtful people and of government officials as well.

Elliott Abrams is Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs and a former contributor to *The American Spectator.*

ROBERT ALTER

I should like to recommend two volumes of poetry that appeared during the past year—first, because books of poems make ideal gifts, and second, because poetry rarely gets the reviewing attention it deserves, which means there are always fine things coming out that people ought to know about but don't. *Secrets of the Tribe* (Sheep's Head Books) is a first volume of poetry by Chana Bloch, full of wit, wry wisdom, and the sort of playfulness that touches serious matters with great plangency. *Love Poems* by Yehuda Amichai (Harper & Row) is a selection of poems both early and late by the distinguished Israeli poet, offered in English translation with facing Hebrew texts. I would rate Amichai as one of the best living poets, and some of his most remarkable work has been in his love poems, which are by turn richly sensual, whimsical, hauntingly sad.

Robert Alter, who teaches at the University of California at Berkeley, is the author, most recently, of *A Lion for Love: A Critical Biography of Stendhal* and *The Art of Biblical Narrative.*

JAMES ATLAS

My favorite new novel this autumn was Celia Gittelson's *Saving Grace,* a fine satirical novel about a Pope's abrupt flight from papal responsibilities to a remote Italian village. It is as strangely fanciful as Baron Corvo, and more playful than he could ever have been, given his paranoia. I'd also like to recommend *Imaginary Crimes,* forthcoming from Viking, by Sheila Ballantyne, an earnest but vividly written novel about a woman who recalls her traumatic, desperately unhappy childhood, the early death of her mother, and the misadventures of her father, a petty criminal. This is one of the most poignant books I've ever read.

Finally, is it fair to recommend the new, "unexpurgated" edition of *Sister Carrie*? (Penguin). People who persist in claiming that Dreiser "can't write" should read this book; the sex in it, by contemporary standards, is not even noticeable, but the story itself is utterly absorbing, and as crammed with social information as Balzac.

James Atlas is Associate Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly.*

JACQUES BARZUN

Waldo Emerson, by G.W. Allen, is a fresh view of the Transcendental Essayist by the distinguished biographer of Whitman and William James. The notable additions to our knowledge come from the detailed treatment of Emerson's childhood and youth, but the proportions of the book are not impaired and the narrative from end to end is engrossing.

The Graves of Academe, by the now celebrated Underground Grammarian, Richard Mitchell, is a faithful account of the decay of American schooling while "education" flourishes. The treatment is serious and humorous at the same time, and only at two or three places can one think the satire too savage. Everywhere else the facts justify the degree of passion and pain.

Raymond Chandler, Selected Letters (ed. by Frank MacShane). No need to be a reader of crime fiction to admire and enjoy these wonderful pieces of literary criticism combined with self-revelation. Among Chandler's varied subjects, his estimates of twentieth-century novelists show his acuity and remarkable independence of mind. If we can claim Chandler as an American, we now have another great letter-writer to rank with Byron or Berlioz.

Jacques Barzun is University Professor Emeritus at Columbia University, literary advisor of Charles Scribner's Sons, and author of numerous books, including *Teacher in America,* reissued this year by Liberty Press.

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

The Master and Margarita, by Mikhail Bulgakov (New American Library), has got to be one of the funniest, most sardonic, most damning books ever written about the Stalinist state. The Devil takes it into his head to visit Moscow with a retinue that includes a naked red-headed vamp and a coal black, bipedal, cigar-smoking cat, and other underworld denizens that Milton wot not of. In this epic battle, Bulgakov and Satan take all 15 rounds.

On the Road with John James Audubon, by Mary Durant and Michael Harwood (Dodd Mead). Never mind if you don't even like *The Birds of America,* if you love America, its history, its diversity, its geography, its romance, you'll find enchantment in following the picaresque trail up and down America of the great painter, naturalist, and adventurer as did the Harwoods. It's a book to bore your friends about; better yet give it to them for Christmas and hang on to your own copy; you'll want to go back to it.

Any P.G. Wodehouse.

Priscilla L. Buckley is Managing Editor of *National Review.*

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

My Christmas list this year will be for three books that have taught me, entertained me, and saddened me, about the future. The first is Waugh's *Black Mischief,* which

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book many may not have read because its thesis, like that of *Gone with the Wind,* is so quickly grasped. Turn to it. The second is Updike's *The Coup,* which is, really, a successor novel, fine-tuned to the modalities of current crotchets and conceits; a brilliant performance. My favorite remains Walker Percy's *Love in the Ruins.* All three books document that laughter and tragedy are, at the margin, inseparable, the one enhancing the other.

William F. Buckley, Jr., is the editor of *National Review.* His next novel, *Marco Polo, If You Can,* will be published in January.

VLADIMIR BUKOVSKY

Victor Suvorov, *The Liberators: Inside the Soviet Army* (London: Hamish Hamilton). I think that at a time when 44 Soviet divisions are concentrated on the Polish borders, when 85,000 Soviet troops are killing civilians in Afghanistan, and numerous Soviet military advisors are scattered in many parts of the world, it is interesting and, above all, instructive to look at the Soviet Army from within. Especially since the author, a former Soviet officer and a born writer, has saturated his account with black humor and some very vivid scenes. His description at times rivals Jaroslav Hašek's famous *Good Soldier Schweik.*

Self-Portrait of a Hero: The Letters of Jonathan Netanyahu [1963-1976] (London: Random House). Apart from the obvious respect this collection will evoke for Netanyahu, who died while liberating a hundred hostages in the famous Entebbe raid, these letters also reveal a great deal of thought about our world and offer an unforgettable image of a philosopher and soldier. I read it in two nights.

For those who might like something more scientific and scholarly, full of figures, tables, and graphs, I recommend *The Soviet Worker: Illusions and Realities* (London: The Macmillan Press, Ltd.), edited by Leonard Schapiro and Joseph Godson. This is a collection of essays by leading sociologists, economists, and modern historians, and it will help answer the following question: Will the Soviet workers follow the example of their Polish brothers?

For those who prefer thrillers, *Double Crossing* (North Hollywood: Stratford Press), a novel by Erika Holzer, offers a good mix of spy-story entertainment and education in the matters of world politics.

I leave the fifth recommendation open, for even the reader should be allowed to exercise his free will and revolt against any recommendations.

Vladimir Bukovsky is author of *To Build a Castle: My Life as a Dissenter.*

HUNTINGTON CAIRNS

Letters of H.L. Mencken. Selected and edited by Guy J. Forgue. With a new Foreword by Daniel Aaron. Northeastern University Press, Boston, 1981.

Mencken was the most forceful figure American Literature has known; and his letters are the best key to his points of view. Unlike most collections of letters they are highly readable.

The Oxford Book of Short Stories, chosen by V.S. Pritchett, Oxford University Press, 1981.

This admirable volume of over forty short stories extends from specimens by Sir Walter Scott to John Updike. It is a highly competent work edited by a master of the craft himself.

Huntington Cairns was one of Mencken's friends and is an authority on his work.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

A Life in Two Centuries, by Bertram D. Wolfe (Stein and Day). I found this the most fascinating book of the year. Bert Wolfe was guilty of one of the most misspent lives on record, but he turned it all to wonderful account when he came to write about it. A pacifist in World War I, he was right in there with Jay Lovestone in trying to make something of the American Communist Party. He went to Moscow under the absurd delusion that he could explain everything about America to Joseph Stalin. He called it a "modest task"—and was lucky to escape with his head. The whole experience helped him to write *Three Who Made a Revolution: Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin* and *Six Keys to the Soviet System,* books that are essential to understanding the madness of the past sixty years. Bert lived to embrace Austrian economics. Sidney Hook, his lifelong friend, said Wolfe never wrote a dull or unclear sentence. That is a paradox when you consider that Bert Wolfe did such a vast amount of unclear thinking. But his idiocies resulted in scrapes that made remarkable stories, all of which get their rueful due in a most clear and lively autobiography.

Ethnic America, by Thomas Sowell (Basic Books). This a tremendous work of research by an economist who can beat our sociologists at their own games and set it all forth in delightfully readable non-sociologese prose. By extending his investigations to the experiences of the Irish in Ireland, the Jews in the Pale in Russia, the Italians in southern Italy, the Puerto Ricans on their own island, and the blacks in Africa, Sowell finds many a special key to differences in ethnic reactions to America.

The Other Side of Racism: A Philosophical Study of Black Race Consciousness, by Anne Wortham (Ohio State University Press). Anne Wortham, a black who quit a good job as the King Features Syndicate librarian to go back to college and work for a doctorate, doesn't think blacks will make it until they concern themselves more with self-esteem than with group-esteem. Her book—which is distinctly not an academic dissertation—explores the implications of a theory which she defends in most spirited fashion. She's a real individualist who hasn't yet been ruined by contact with the jargon of her new sociological friends.

John Chamberlain is a nationally syndicated columnist. His "semi-autobiography" will be published next spring by Regnery/Gateway, Inc.

DAVID HERBERT DONALD

Samuel P. Huntington, *American Politics: The Promise of Disharmony* (Harvard University Press). A brilliant, fascinating, and disturbing analysis of the persistent gap between the promise of American ideals and the performance of American politics, by one of the most thoughtful observers since Tocqueville.

Louis P. Simpson, *The Brazen Face of History: Studies in the Literary Consciousness in America* (Louisiana State University Press). Insightful and often moving essays by one of our foremost literary critics, who writes with special authority

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on Southern literature and history.

Clayborne Carson, *In Struggle: SNCC and the Black Awakening of the 1960s* (Harvard University Press). The best account I know of the great Civil Rights revolution of our times, based upon prodigious research and first hand acquaintance with the participants.

William S. McFeely, *Grant: A Biography* (W.W. Norton and Company). The first full-scale scholarly biography, which addresses the question of why a man could be so great in war and so incompetent in peace, by a fine and thoughtful historian.

David Herbert Donald, Chairman of the Graduate Program in the History of American Civilization at Harvard University, is writing a biography of Thomas Wolfe.

ANTONY FLEW

My choices are all FIDO books, "FIDO" being a World War II acronym for Fog Intensive, Dispersal Of. First comes *The Sceptical Feminist* (Routledge & Kegan Paul). Even were the competition vastly stronger than it is this would surely be by far the freshest, the sanest, and the most sensible book in its area. Two sample sentences, one interrogative and the other declarative, show a rare, genuinely radical approach: "Why," Janet Richards asks, "should it be acceptable to base a relationship on common intellectual interests, but not on a common wish for sex?"; and, again, "One of the most striking unreasonablenesses . . . is the conjunction of the demand that women should be the sole judges of when and how often they have children with the claim that other people, with presumably no part in the decision, should pay for them."

Second is James Alcock's *Parapsychology: Science or Magic?* (Pergamon). The psychologist author takes great pains to show that for all the efforts of the *National Inquirer,* and the acceptance of the Parapsychological Association into the AAAS notwithstanding, there is still not sufficient reason to believe that the candidate science of parapsychology has in fact got any peculiar and authentic phenomena to be about. Nor will there be such sufficient reason until and unless we have some repeatable demonstration of ESP, PK, or whatever else.

My third choice is *Instead of Regulation* (Lexington Books), a practical handbook both for budget-cutters and supply-siders. Edited by Robert Poole of *Reason* magazine, this is a series of studies of alternatives to federal regulation agencies.

Fourth and finally, I recommend a racket-busting onslaught upon our professed and professional compassionists. In *Can Social Work Survive?* (London: Temple Smith) Colin Brewer and June Lait put all the right, unanswered questions to our British tax-financed social workers and trainers of social workers. Just how much actual good are these do-gooders actually doing with our money, and is their expensive and tax-financed training either necessary or even helpful for the doing of this good? The most damaging finding, which would surely be repeated in any parallel U.S. investigation, is that the compassionists themselves seem not to care about the answers; while what few public inquiries there have been were always packed and prejudiced by persons with the most visible vested interests in the continuation and continual expansion of all existing agencies.

Antony Flew is Professor of Philosophy at the University of Reading and author of *The Politics of Procrustes* (Prometheus Books).

GEORGE GILDER

How I wish I'd found some good new literature to recommend for Christmas in 1981. But beyond my continuing lucubrations in economics, I found little time for reading during the past year and am ashamed to admit I wasted all too much of it in morbid reflection on the iridescence of rot in contemporary fiction—particularly works by John Updike, who epitomizes a literary establishment that has been sickened and stultified by secular humanist banalities.

I must begin, therefore, with an urgent warning against bookstores, most of which have contracted a peculiarly virulent and penicillin-resistant form of venereal disease. Beware, above all, of any new work celebrated as "poetic" or "literary" by John Leonard, or any fiction composed by, or under the influence of, a professor of English (unless of course you are genuinely curious to know the profoundly moral sensibility that leads a man to leave his wife for a sensitive coed).

Instead, assuming you already know about the superb *new* work of Thomas Sowell, I urge you to turn to the second-hand bookstores and attempt to find, and foist on your publishing friends, a copy of *Black Education: Myths and Tragedies,* a marvelous, partly autobiographical polemic written ten years ago by Sowell that was the most exciting book I read this year. In the general area of economics, I recommend *The Soul of a New Machine* by Tracy Kidder, a story of computers that will inform and surprise you by dramatizing the realm of high art and inspiration in contemporary America.

George Gilder is the author of numerous works, including *Wealth and Poverty* and *Sexual Suicide.* He is Program Director for the International Center for Economic Policy Studies.

ANDREW GREELEY

The White Hotel, by D.M. Thomas. The first serious attempt in modern literature to describe the life which continues after this life is finished, the book concludes with a "coda" that describes a kind of purgatorio in which the paradiso is being constructed in part through human effort. Critics have ignored the coda because they don't know what to make of it.

Stories of Faith, by John Shea. A revolutionary theology book by one of Catholicism's finest theologians, stressing the experiential and narrative dimensions of religion. The last three chapters are stories written in biblical verse which will be read for decades.

Does God Exist?, by Hans Kung. The Pope may not think Kung is a Catholic theologian anymore, but this volume demonstrates both his Catholicism and his conservatism and also proves that Kung is one of the most able critics of the conventional wisdom of Freud and Marx and the other modern false prophets.

The Glitterdome, by Joseph Wambaugh. The best yet of the cop stories of this heir to the ancient Irish tradition of "black" humor.

The Second Coming, by Walker Percy. A witty Graham Greene, Percy is probably the finest of the swarm of Catholic novelists who are appearing everywhere one looks. A linguistic philosopher as well as an MD and novelist, he puns more

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outrageously than anyone since Shakespeare. The title has at least four different meanings, and maybe more.

Andrew Greeley is Professor of Sociology at the University of Arizona and author of countless books, including *The Cardinal Sins.*

GEORGE V. HIGGINS

Everyone should read *The Soul of a New Machine* by Tracy Kidder. It's about the development of Data General's Eagle computer, which is to say that it's about the people who engineered it, not the damned machine. Marvelous book.

Robert B. Parker's most recent is *A Savage Place*. Parker writes splendid detective stories, and as usual he is generous with one-liners and even longer smart remarks.

Frank MacShane collected the letters of Raymond Chandler, who also wrote a detective story now and again, and lived a perfectly wretched life. When he tried to shoot himself, he was so smashed he missed.

David McCullough wrote *Mornings On Horseback* about the early years of Teddy Roosevelt. This book is flawed: It's much too short to leave contented anyone who admires Teddy Roosevelt and good writing.

George V. Higgins is author, most recently, of *The Rat on Fire.*

SIDNEY HOOK

The five books I listed last year have a timeless significance and bear repeating. This year, to set off the festivities of the Christmas season and as a sobering reminder of what and whom we face in dealing with one aspect of the global struggle to defend the democratic world, I recommend Anton Antonov-Ovseyenko's *The Time of Stalin: Portrait of a Tyranny* (Harper & Row) translated from the Russian edition, published in New York, by George Saunders. It throws a searing light on many aspects of present-day Soviet Russia, especially the halt by Stalin's heirs of the process of de-Stalinization. A must for all scholars interested in the Soviet Union.

Sidney Hook is Emeritus Professor of Philosophy, New York University, Senior Research Fellow at the Hoover Institution, and author, most recently, of *Philosophy and Public Policy* (Southern Illinois University Press).

WALTER LAQUEUR

The second volume of the *Official History of British Intelligence in the Second World War* (HMSO London) covers the period from June 1941 to early summer of 1943; a book, someone said, written by a committee about committees for a committee, but still fascinating. It means that much of the literature about the Second World War will have to be rewritten.

Secondly, Richard L. Gregory's *Mind in Science* (Cambridge University Press), an essay in the history of science on a subject of which many of us know too little, and I knew virtually nothing (but had to learn): how scientific thinking about mind and matter developed over the ages.

Walter Laqueur is Chairman of the International Research Council of the Center for Strategic and International Studies at Georgetown University and author of numerous books, including *The Terrible Secret*, published last spring by Little, Brown.

KENNETH S. LYNN

William W. Warner, *Beautiful Swimmers*. Even though it was awarded the Pulitzer Prize a few years ago, *Beautiful Swimmers* is an important book. No other account of an American environment contains more fascinating information or is more evocatively written than this study of the crabs and the watermen of the Chesapeake Bay.

The Pennsylvania Edition of Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*. This expanded and corrected edition presents an even more enthralling story than does the version of the novel on which we have previously relied.

Kenneth S. Lynn is the author of books on Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, and other American writers.

ROBERT NISBET

Here are a few titles that I enjoyed during the past year:

Philippe Aries, *The Hour of Our Death*. An engrossing history of death and mourning rites in the West since the Middle Ages, one that tells us much also of great value about kinship and society.

John Lukacs, *Philadelphia: Patricians and Philistines*. Philadelphia has never been more alive and convincing than in the author's word-portraits, which include William C. Bullitt, Agnes Repplier, and Boies Penrose.

Paul Hollander, *Political Pilgrims*. A detailed and fascinating account of the redemptive pilgrimages made by American intellectuals during the past sixty years to the Soviet Union, China, Cuba, and other totalitarian Meccas. A sordid epic of liberal bootlicking.

John Kennedy Toole, *A Confederacy of Dunces*. The protagonist, Ignatius J. Reilly, doesn't succeed in his effort to reform the twentieth century, but his effort makes this the most hilarious book I've read in many years.

Joseph Epstein, *Ambition*. An important, superbly written restoration of an ethic that has been languishing too long in the Great Society.

Robert Nisbet is Adjunct Scholar at the American Enterprise Institute and author of many books, including *History of the Idea of Progress.*

JOHN ONG

First, Ronald Williams' *Montrose* (Barrie & Jenkins), a beautifully written biography of the great Scots soldier and statesman. The story of a moderate, patriotic, and conscientious man attempting to discharge his duties to society and the state in an era of political extremism, religious fanaticism, and arrant hypocrisy can, of course, have little of practical instructiveness in our day, but it is a stirring tale all the same.

The Persistence of the Old Regime: Europe to the Great War by Arno Mayer (Pantheon) is a book that rises above such handicaps as a dedication to Herbert Marcuse, the author's annoying Marxist taxonomy, and a persistently plodding style, on the strength of a single virtue—a fascinating thesis. Did the "feudal element" effectively control the major European states until 1914? Read and decide.

The Collected Stories of Caroline Gordon (Farrar, Straus, Giroux) is a wonderful way to become acquainted or reacquainted with the marvelously crafted tales of this fine writer. The Aleck Maury stories are some of the best, most haunting things written in America in this century.

Norman Thelwell is an outstanding landscape painter, cartoonist, and book illustrator, and his *A Plank Bridge by a Pool* (Scribner's) is highly recommended for those who love the English countryside, wildlife, and building things.

Finally, and with cousinly pride, Walter J. Ong's *Fighting for Life: Contest, Sexuality and Consciousness* (Cornell). A tough, closely argued but utterly fascinating exploration of the ways in which the human existence is affected by contest and strife. Not recommended for women's libbers!

John Ong is chairman of B.F. Goodrich.

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CHARLES PETERS

Don Quixote, Huckleberry Finn, and *Lolita* are my eternal favorites. For this year I recommend:

National Defense, by James Fallows. It represents two important new movements—one in journalism that brings together investigative enterprise, graceful prose, and analytical rigor; the other in politics that, in its perception of problems and possible solutions, seeks to free itself from the blinders of conventional liberalism and conservatism.

One Third of A Nation: Lorena Hickock Reports on the Great Depression. The author's reports to Harry Hopkins are a marvelous example of the kind of honest internal evaluation the government desperately needs but seldom gets.

Charles Peters is Editor of the *Washington Monthly.*

WILLIAM PHILLIPS

Badenheim 1939, by Aharon Appelfeld. This is a remarkable semi-allegorical, semi-realistic treatment of the Holocaust. It has great force and charm.

The Oak and the Calf, by Alexander Solzhenitsyn. A powerful account of Solzhenitsyn's struggle to survive and to publish, and a masterful recreation of Tvardovsky, the famous editor of *Novy Mir,* who is torn all his life between orthodoxy and heterodoxy.

Also, *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting,* by Milan Kundera, and *The Panther's Thumb,* by Stephen Jay Gould.

William Phillips is Professor of English at Boston Univeristy, Editor of *Partisan Review,* and has just completed a memoir.

HENRY REGNERY

The Oak and the Calf, by Alexander Solzhenitsyn. This is Solzhenitsyn's account of his public career as a writer in the Soviet Union. The book begins with the publication of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich,* which vaulted Solzhenitsyn from the obscurity of a mathematics teacher in a provincial high school to a world figure, and ends with his expulsion from his homeland eight years later. Solzhenitsyn's account of his unremitting battle with the Soviet bosses gives us some idea of what it is like to be a writer in a society dominated by ideology, as well as the impact a courageous man who is a skillful fighter and knows where he stands can have.

A Son of the Middle Order, by Hamlin Garland. It was a rewarding experience to re-read, after more than fifty years, Garland's account of growing up on the prairies in the 1870s and 80s as the son of a pioneering father, of finding his way to Boston, then the literary capital of the country, and establishing himself as a writer. The people Garland describes are very different in their values and aspirations from those one meets in much modern fiction, but they had qualities we would do well to remember.

Mr. Sammler's Planet, by Saul Bellow. Saul Bellow is a gifted and skillful writer; of the several books of his I have read, this made by far the greatest impression. Mr. Sammler is a Polish Jew who has experienced our century at its worst and risen above it. The contrast between the quiet dignity and wisdom of this old man and the life he sees around him in New York is what the book is all about, and is made with great effectiveness.

Elective Affinities, by J.W. Goethe. The world of Goethe's dignified, 18th-century aristocrats is a long way from the New York of Saul Bellow, but his characters, for all their elegance, exhibit the same human frailties, if to a less spectacular degree. Goethe himself described *Elective Affinities* as a novella, with the explanation that it involves an unprecedented situation or occurrence, and the reader soon becomes aware that beneath the beautiful surroundings and gracious manners Goethe describes with the skill of a great master, compulsions are at work which even he did not claim to understand, compulsions, he said in his announcement of the book, "which only a higher power—possibly not in this life—can remove completely."

There are two good modern translations.

Henry Regnery is President of Regnery/Gateway, Inc., and author, most recently, of *Memoirs of a Dissident Publisher.*

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Carry On, Jeeves, by P.G. Wodehouse. Wodehouse is as funny as Shakespeare is Shakespearean, and this book is a sure way to spread the addiction. It should be distributed on the lines and scale of Gideon Bibles.

From Bauhaus to Our House, by Tom Wolfe. Actually, any Wolfe will do, but this is the latest. If he weren't so damned funny, he would get his intellectual due. Thank God he doesn't seem to care.

Envy, by Helmut Schoeck. Sociology without sociologese. Hatred of the superior is a basic sin—at least Moses, Plutarch, Dante, and Shakespeare thought so, not to mention the Church—but we don't talk about it these days. This book explains why.

The Four Loves, by C.S. Lewis. Effortlessly edifying, this book is simply great company, the way Boswell's Johnson is.

Joseph Sobran is an editor of *National Review* and a syndicated columnist.

OLIVIER TODD

I would recommend three books: two novels and one essay. Let's pretend to be serious and start with the essay, which deals with what is probably the most important problem on the home front, in France, since 1974. It's called *Qu'est-ce qu'un chômeur?* ("What is an Unemployed?"), a paperback (Pluriel) written by a chap named Bernard Brizay. It goes beyond banal, classical studies of unemployment and really tries to tackle the problem without rhetoric. To my mind, the most interesting thing Brizay shows is the difference between the old, 1930s type of unemployment and that of the 1980s. This does not prevent him from dissecting the psychological misery of unemployment, whether of an industrial worker or of an executive with a fat bank account.

Apart from that, there are two novels. The first is *Le Dernier Café de l'Empire* by Angelo Rinaldi (Gallimard). Foreigners probably know Rinaldi as one of the five most important literary critics in France. But they may not know that he is also a superb novelist. The whole thing is set in Corsica . . .

The other novel is by Francois Nouris-

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sier, who is very well known in France and seems to have everything: titles, success, position as literary critic on a number of papers, membership in the *Academie Goncourt*. Whether they like him or not, few people suspected that he could so forcefully renew his vision and his style. In *L'Empire des Nuages* (Grasset), the main character is a successful painter, definitely over 50, who gets involved with a young woman, definitely under 30 . . . But there are more than 50 characters in this novel, which has a multi-dimensional richness—historical, political, social, what have you. Beautifully written.

Olivier Todd, journalist, novelist, is former editor of *L'Express* under Jean-François Revel. His latest book, *Un fils rebelle* (Grasset), was published in April. He is currently in the south of France working on a novel, in French, and a kind of new journalistic essay, in English.

BEN J. WATTENBERG

The Ultimate Resource, by Julian Simon (Princeton University Press). What is most remarkable about this remarkable book is that it is controversial. Mr. Simon (just imagine!) believes that people live better lives than they used to and that people made it happen.

The Book of Lights, by Chaim Potok (Knopf). A fine novel about two young rabbis who end up in Korea in the early 1950s. One feels very guilty about America. The other is a neo-conservative before there were any.

The American Elections of 1980, edited by Austin Ranny (The American Enterprise Institute). The best compendium of what happened.

The New Elite, by David Lebedoff (Watts). Midwestern lawyer with wide political experience looks at a key political problem of our time.

Ethnic America, by Thomas Sowell (Basic Books). Clear-eyed and often fascinating history of nine American ethnic groups.

Ben J. Wattenberg is a Senior Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute where he co-edits the only magazine in America better than *The American Spectator—Public Opinion.*

JAMES WEBB

I offer the following five books, all of which I consider classics:

The True Believer, by Eric Hoffer. Truisms on human motivation and mass movements by a self-educated working man with great insight.

The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt, by Desmond Morris. A sometimes tedious book about "Teedie" from his birth to his ascendance as president which provides much to ponder as we re-examine what it means to be a leader in this country.

The Forgotten Soldier, by Guy Sajer. Perhaps the most overwhelming book about war ever written, because it deals with the most overwhelming combat experience in history: the average German soldier on the Russian front, going through a meat grinder that produced 10 million casualties in an army of 12.5 million (American figures were 800,000 in a military of 16 million). A book that ascribes meaning to the experience without embracing the politics that engendered it.

The Mind of the South, by Wilbur Cash. The author of this penetrating and loving examination of the southern mindset, *circa* 1938, committed suicide before the book was published, ostensibly because he feared the criticism of his fellow southerners.

Once an Eagle, by Anton Myrer. A novel that follows a true American hero from the Mexican border wars of 1916 through World War Two, with an epilogue in Vietnam. A moving and true book for anyone who has an affinity with, or curiosity about, the career military.

James Webb is author of *Fields of Fire* and *A Sense of Honor.*

WALTER E. WILLIAMS

In the interest of fairness, I recommend two authors for splendid Yuletide reading, one black and one white. A must reading for people who have wondered about race and not found the answer is Thomas Sowell's painstakingly researched new book, *Ethnic America* (Basic Books). *Ethnic America* dispels myths regarding race in America. As complex as the issue of race is, one can't help but conclude from Sowell's work that (1) there's not much that has to be explained about blacks compared to past discriminated-against groups, and (2) if we didn't treat the disease of racial discrimination, it would eventually go away by itself.

Another good book to set beside you, especially for TV commercials, is William Allen's *Midnight Economist* (Playboy Press), a collection of essays written by a UCLA professor who was once a mentor of mine. The essays cover topics ranging from the government-manufactured oil crisis to the virtues of greed. Before you rush off to criticize greed, make sure you understand that more gets accomplished when greed—as opposed to altruism—is in operation. Read the *Midnight Economist* to find out why.

The other book which requires more time and more careful reading is Professor Sowell's *Knowledge and Decisions* (Basic Books). This book is a masterpiece for showing us the big picture: why various institutions exist and why people behave the way they do. It points out the systematic differences between private and government decisions. After you have read this book, you will be convinced that we cannot make America free merely by electing freedom-minded men to office. We must change the incentives that they face once they are in office. This book is a classic and it will likely mark the zenith of Sowell's career. But there is only one thing wrong with a zenith, which gets him my sympathy. There is no other direction but down. Poor Dr. Sowell.

I strongly recommend these three books. Both authors demonstrate the benefit of association with me. My only criticism of them is that they are too objective. They won't come out and say, as I would, that individual freedom is a *good* thing. But you can't expect perfection from everyone.

Walter E. Williams is Professor of Economics at George Mason University.

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John P. Sisk

THE PLAYBOY AND THE CZAR: IMAGES OF INSATIABILITY

The consumer gods will not be mocked.

"The spirit of the Czar lives on," announce the familiar ads for Wolfschmidt Vodka, in which appears the Czar himself in full Romanov regalia, usually beside his beautiful blond Czarina and one or two handsome Borzoi hounds. He does various things in his various appearances: A giant among men, he bends iron bars on his bare knee and crushes roubles in his fist; regal coaches carry him in elegance; he rides like thunder with his Cossacks; he hunts the wild boar in the northern forests and hosts feasts for a thousand guests in the Great Palace. He had a "thirst for life like no other man alive," and his drink, by a special appointment, is Wolfschmidt. In the most familiar version of the ad it is the time of *War and Peace,* Dostoyevsky, and *The Nutcracker Suite,* so he may very well be the penultimate Romanov, Alexander III, an aristocratic reactionary who ruled for thirteen years at the end of the last century, and who in his thirst for life seems to have fallen far short of Rabelaisian standards. Nevertheless, in the ad he dramatizes an image of insatiability, at once vulgar and elitist, which appeals to the Romanov desire in many of us to live as only a favored few can live. To puritan elitists like Lenin and Solzhenitsyn the image is an abomination; to cynics like Byron it assumes endless quantities of vodka, whether or not supplied by special appointment; to temperance people it calls up a counter image of apple wine and Skid Road.

We know, of course, that the ad has little to do with the Czar, that it only presents after the fashion of costume drama a more familiar modern figure, the consumer hero, who sometimes needs to be pushed back into an exotic past in order to give him both validity and historical resonance. That he is really our contemporary is clear if we put alongside the Wolfschmidt ad a 1977 two-page ad for *Playboy* magazine featuring the typical *Playboy* reader: a successful young architect who in his own lust for life is like no other man alive. At work and play he gives 110 percent of himself and gets "a lot back for it." Like all consumer heroes, he is at war with time and wishes that "there were 70 minutes in every hour, 25 hours in every day and 8 days in every week. . . . Instead of being in the future or clinging to the past, I'm finding incredible excitement by participating in what I'm doing right now." The point to the ad is that he is an insatiable consumer whom purveyors of products and services may most effectively reach "by special appointment" through *Playboy* magazine.

With the Czar and the *Playboy* architect we are in the presence of theological matters. Both ads are expressive of a theory of godhead in which the god, swallowing up past and future, is a model of insatiability in an eternal Now. This is especially the case with the Greek deities whose Olympic escapades haunt our literary culture. The gods and goddesses follow their impulses, especially their sexual impulses, in a heavenly kind of chronological time with a purity of commitment which suggests that they are beyond hangup, just as in their consumption of nectar they are beyond hangover and cirrhosis of the liver. If in their erotic escapades they get into trouble with their spouses the results may be temporarily inconvenient, embarrassing, or even momentarily painful, but with a few notable exceptions are the matter of comedy or farce. Zeus is the ideal consumer hero. He responds to his appetites, mainly libidinous, with a single-mindedness that puts to shame a Hugh Hefner or a Gay Talese, who must always self-consciously refer their consumerism to repressive Christian pasts, whether Protestant or Catholic. Hefner on his fabulous bed (where Pepsi Cola must be a sad substitute for nectar), or Talese in *Thy Neighbor's Wife* reveling at Sandstone or in massage parlors, are still only wistful Romanovs. Keats in his poem "Lamia" says of the god Hermes and his adored nymph as they escape for love's dalliance into the "green-recessed woods" that there they grew not pale "as mortal lovers do." They feast without surfeit; Hefner and Talese, like the rest of us, surfeit and grow pale; one Pepsi begins to taste like another and the bunnies begin to blend into one another like clones. Perhaps in their surfeiting they express our jealousy of the gods. But in the jealousy of the gods is the beginning of hubris: The gods will not be mocked.

Mock the insatiable gods and their revenge is insatiable. Tantalus, who served his son Pelops to the gods in a stew, was punished in Hades with eternal deprivation: fixed just beyond reach of the food and water he craved, as if he were Hefner tormented by bunnies he could not touch and Pepsi he could not drink. Prometheus, because he would not reveal the secret of his paternity, was chained to a rock in the Caucasus where an eagle fed daily on his

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miraculously reconstituted liver. The crafty and death-defying Sisyphus was condemned in Hades to pushing his stone up the same hill forever without the satisfaction of Camus's afterthought that it might be a kind of existential triumph. And in Dante's *Inferno* as well the penalty for insatiability is insatiable suffering, which is no more than we expect when in Canto I the poet encounters a lion "ravenous with hunger" and a she-wolf who looks "all infinite craving." There then follows the sad procession of those "Who let Desire pull reason from her throne"—whether they are the lovers Paolo and Francesca doomed to inseparability in the eternal stormy winds, Count Ugolino doomed to gnaw forever the head of the traitorous Archbishop of Paris, or Satan himself, each of his three ravenous mouths slavering bloodily with the famous morsels, Judas, Cassius, and Brutus. Compared to him, Milton's Satan, that grand sponsor of all transgressive efforts, is a dietetic Puritan, but his terrible insatiability is nevertheless clear in his conviction that it is better to rule in hell than serve in heaven.

Dante's Satan with his triple slavering maw is a horrible caricature of the polymorphous perverse translated from sexual to alimentary terms. He demonstrates the distinction between the German verbs *fressen* and *essen,* which is the distinction between eating in a brutish and eating in a civilized manner, between devouring as if one could never get enough no matter how much or how quickly one ate, and eating discriminately and with decorum. Petronius's "Banquet of Trimalchio" gives us an image of *fressen,* as does the Roman banquet in which the vomitorium was an essential piece of furniture. *Fressen* suggests the orgy as most of us imagine it: an attempt to satisfy a vulgar and insatiable impulse to godhood. Thus *fressen* is the symbolic verb when Marlow, getting through his binoculars his first view of Kurtz in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness,* sees a wide open mouth and "a weirdly voracious aspect, as though he had wanted to swallow all the air, all the earth, all the men before him." Indeed, as the garrulous Marlow makes one all too aware, Kurtz, like the Wolfschmidt Czar and the *Playboy* architect, had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

II

There are, of course, other strategies for acquiring what life has to offer. Who is to say, for instance, that Freud did not have a thirst for life like no other man alive—that he did not, at least metaphorically, bend iron bars on his bare knee and crush roubles in his fist? Nevertheless, his thirsting is in a quite different context from that of Talese or Hefner, however much they may think of themselves as belonging in the Freudian dispensation. "We deprive ourselves," Freud writes,

> in order to maintain our integrity, we economize in our health, our capacity for enjoyment, our emotions; we save ourselves for something, not knowing for what. And this habit of constant suppression of natural instincts gives us the quality of refinement.

With its emphasis on the connection between creaturely denials and abstentions and the maintenance of civilization, this sounds like something out of *Civilization and Its Discontents.* Actually, Freud here is a young man very much in love writing to his fiancée, Martha Bernays, about thoughts that occurred to him while watching a performance of *Carmen.* At this point (August 29, 1883) Mahatma Gandhi is only 14 years old, but he will in time, through the practice of *brahmacharya* or self-restraint, put himself even more radically than Freud against the Party of Insatiability in the interest of acquiring potency to compel the environment. The practitioner of *brahmacharya,* through a ritualistic disciplining of his impulses, makes himself into an energy accumulator of a sort quite offensive to those who, infested perhaps with the gnosticism of Wilhelm Reich, believe that energy is acquired not by self-restraint but by magical infusions from without, after which it is both expressed and intensified by the release of impulse.

For economic, political, social, and religious reasons, Western Civilization has for the most part not celebrated creaturely insatiability. Until quite recently our model figures have been disciplined self-deniers whether they led crusades, inspired revolutions, repaired disintegrating cultures, journeyed into the unknown, or cultivated spirit in monastic cells or desert caves. El Cid, Robespierre, St. Anthony, Lenin, St. Paul, St. Augustine, Sartre, and Sir Galahad all practiced *brahmacharya* of a sort. In Reichean terms this means that they have all suffered from "the red plague," that deformation of consciousness and affect which results when one is shut off from the organic energy of the universe. Thus St. Augustine was suffering from the red plague when in *The City of God* he expressed his disgust with those early Christian chiliasts who expected that the reign of Christ would be attended with the leisure to enjoy "immoderate carnal banquets, furnished with an amount of meat and drink such as not only to shock the feeling of the temperate, but even to surpass the measure of credulity itself."

Even figures like Thoreau and Nietzsche, who can give so much comfort to those who believe that the establishments of civilization exist to frustrate the individual's lust for life, belong in this company. "Nature is hard to overcome, but she must be overcome," Thoreau writes in *Walden.* The Spartan simplicity he advocates demands unremitting warfare against what is "reptile and sensual to us" and assumes that sexual continence "invigorates and inspires us." Nietzsche's asceticism is well known. Ronald Hayman writes that Nietzsche's recipe for the real or feigned madness without which there could be no moral evolution was "inordinate fasting, continual sexual abstinence, withdrawal into the wilderness, or climbing a mountain, or onto a pillar, or 'sitting on an ancient willow facing a lake.'" Both Thoreau and Nietzsche, as Talese and Hefner might see them, are prisoners of historically conditioned hypocritical forces that seek to deny middle-aged men the sexual variety they need to be happy and healthy.

No one is more a threat to the Party of

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Insatiability than Shakespeare. It is easy enough now to write off most of the practitioners of *brahmacharya:* They are extreme, eccentric, neurotic; or, as we have learned to say with dismissive charity, their naturally ample spirits were constricted by the meanness of their worlds. But Shakespeare beguiles us with his lack of eccentricity as in play after play he uses lust as the symbol of that uncontrolled insatiability that points to disorder in the soul and disorder in the universe. *Macbeth,* for instance, is a play about the tragic consequences of the failure to understand the true nature of man's insatiable impulses. Shakespeare's synonym for *fressen* is the verb *ravin,* used with immediate reference to the supposed murder of Duncan by his sons, Malcolm and Donalbain ("Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up/ Thine own life's means!"), but with ultimate reference to Macbeth, the real murderer. The play is organized around images of ravining, one of the most powerful of which appears in Act IV when the virtuous Malcolm in the process of testing Macduff's honesty represents himself as sexually insatiable and therefore a dramatic surrogate for Macbeth. The latter anticipates Kurtz, never more memorably than in his despairing "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow" speech in Act V. Here he recognizes that when all the manifest forms of life have been stripped away, the ultimate reality is, as Kurtz reports, "the horror."

The play itself shows that while the manifest forms of life can be deceptive, especially for those predisposed to misread them, they cannot be reductively separated from what is good and true. It therefore promises in Malcolm's last speech "by the grace of Grace" a return to good order "in measure, time, and place." However, it is tempting for us to believe with Macbeth and our literary deconstructionists that the manifest of life is utterly fraudulent—that, as Hayman paraphrases Nietzsche's "Truth and Falsehood in an Extra-moral Sense," since "we cannot help being defrauded, we have evolved linguistic conventions to defraud ourselves reassuringly." We are strongly compelled, that is, by a hero figure who in his negative asceticism ravins up w at has traditionally been life's means. Nietzsche, says Hayman, "rejected virtually the whole of contemporary reality, compensating himself with a fantasy about the future." We know this spirit of intransigent rejection, but without the compensating fantasy, in the work of Rimbaud, Céline, Sartre, Robbe-Grillet, and Beckett; indeed, it is a troubling presence in most modernist and postmodernist art and literature. "Truths are illusions whose illusoriness is overlooked," says Nietzsche, and if, taught by him, we go on to ask whether this statement too is one of those illusory truths, we only intensify our unease.

"Like the Romantics," says Hayman, "Nietzsche believed the most authentic experience to be the most individual." It is one of the paradoxes of romanticism, so apparently committed to a zestful embrace of the manifest of life, that it prepares for an esthetic of insatiable rejection almost in proportion as the writer becomes truth-seeker rather than maker. Individual romantics like Keats could protect themselves with a strategy of romantic irony, but the necessity of rejecting established and traditional forms in the interest of authentic individual experience quickly led to disillusionment with the manifest of life in whatever form it took. In time, then, we get a full-blown romantic ascesis of rejection in Dostoyevsky's Underground Man or in the author-hero of Céline's *Journey To the End of Night*—both of whom, as insatiable consumers of life's means, are the obverse of the *Playboy* architect and the Wolfschmidt Czar.

III

Speaking of the dying Proust, who was refusing to eat so that he might finish *The Captive,* André Maurois writes: "There was something sublime in this sacrifice of a mortal body to an immortal work, in this transfusion where the donor chose deliberately to shorten his days for the sake of the characters who were taking his life's blood." Shortly thereafter, François Mauriac, viewing the dead Proust and noting a last few illegible notes on an envelope beside the body, remarked that "right up to the end, his creatures had fed upon his substance and had drained him of what remained of life."

Here with the assimilation of his ascesis to that of the saint is a familiar romantic image of the artist: the heroically insatiable pursuer of his vision of truth-beauty who, when he is most authentic, is himself consumed (as is the "surpassing Spirit" in Shelley's "Alastor") by the insatiable object of his pursuit. We cannot be sure which is the Ugolino figure here, the artist or his art, but we know from the romantics, and especially from Keats, that the condition of this symbiosis is that of Tantalus: infinite desire with infinite frustration; recurring and ravishing intimations of heaven's bourne but without sustaining hope of heaven. The image assumes the energies and intransigent idealism of youth, for only youth, we imagine, can stand up to the recurring fluctuations between ecstasy and agony. All too soon, as Wordsworth discovered, the visionary gleam would fade and there would be only the light of common day, which, as saint and artist know, is the light of the false consciousness of the world. Therefore, he writes in *The Excursion* (words Shelley was to quote later in his preface to "Alastor"):

> The good die first,
> And those whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
> Burn to the socket!

Either the artist is young or he has youth's insatiable appetite for experience with youth's intrepid refusal to be put off with bourgeois counsels of prudence or faint-hearted distinctions between *fressen* and *essen.* "The strongest and most evil spirits," says Nietzsche in *The Gay Science,* "have so far advanced humanity the most; they have always rekindled the drowsing passions—all ordered society puts the passions to sleep . . ." This romantically youthful statement helps to identify Kurtz (and perhaps Nietzsche as well) as the very type of the modern literary artist who as a heroic consumer of experience does not hesitate to go down to the heart of darkness itself. And he is only authenticated if, like that vulgar type of the

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artist, the insatiably experiencing rock star, he is himself consumed in the process.

Hence the dilemma of the writer during and since romanticism. He must be an intrepid consumer of experience, never fearing to transgress the red-plagued bourgeois world's prescriptions of moderation; otherwise, he will have no material from which to make his art, nor will he have discovered on his own pulse the truth that is hidden beyond the limits of moderation. Writers who conform to (and at the same time help propagate) this image get into the kind of trouble that makes interesting biographies. One who had never read a line of their work might conclude from the lives of Byron, Shelley, Dylan Thomas, D.H. Lawrence, Antonin Artaud, Thomas Wolfe, Hemingway, or Fitzgerald that since they had the right stuff the literature they produced was the real thing.

This, of course, makes it easy for both writer and reader to believe that the biography has priority over the work, as if the writer's first obligation were to prepare for the kind of post mortem account of himself that will put the seal of approval on his work. This makes for critical problems since the work then comes to us cluttered up with "authenticating" details of the life. What would happen to the artistic reputations of Sylvia Plath, Delmore Schwartz, or Jack Kerouac if we could forget most of what we know about them as historical persons—if, in other words, they had to compete for our attention on a par with writers like Wallace Stevens, T.S. Eliot, or Gerard Manley Hopkins, whose biographies are so lacking in dramatic detail that we are forced, often with a sense of being cheated, to concentrate on the poetry?

No one cheats us this way more than Shakespeare. Was there a homosexual streak in him, as Leslie Fiedler and others have suggested? What adulteries lurk behind the sonnets? Did he himself descend to the heart of darkness, and if he did, as the consequence of what shattering experiences? Surely in his lust for life he must have been the ultimate Romanov, yet we can't even be absolutely certain that he wrote the plays traditionally assigned to him. Thus a play like Edward Bond's *Bingo*—in which a retired Shakespeare becomes involved in the quotidian corruptions of Stratford and dies an utterly disillusioned man—should probably be seen as an effort not to degrade Shakespeare but to give him a biography that will authenticate him in terms we can understand.

But the writer or would-be writer as insatiable consumer faces the problem of surviving so that he can do his work. If the biography overwhelms the art, if the Dionysian impulse in him consumes the Apollonian, he dissipates his capacity to compel his environment and goes the way of Aschenbach in Mann's *Death in Venice* —or the way of those insatiable artist types, Flaubert's Emma Bovary and Melville's Ahab, who finally consume themselves. "I am so changeable, being everything by turns and nothing long," Byron wrote to Lady Blessington. But the writer must be something long and steadfast. If he is to set down his vision he must have his own *brahmacharya,* for the vision is not well served unless it is served with the ascesis of the saint, which is not easily harmonized with the impulse to experience insatiably. Proust's solution has its attractions—have your experience, then retire to your cork-lined room and make art out of it—but it is bad for biography. One is tempted to say that, given the contradictory nature of his situation, the ideal resolution for the artist is to dissipate himself into an early grave (ravaged with alcoholism, or syphilis, overdosed with drugs, penniless, hounded by the bourgeois enemy) and yet leave behind the undoubted masterpiece—so that it can be said of him, as the late Ralph Gleason said of Lenny Bruce, that he has joined the martyrs of history who took upon themselves "the weight of our mistakes and our greed and our selfishness."

Short of this ideal it would appear that the writer, like anyone else who aspires to significant achievement, needs character. To be a genius is not enough, as Keats points out in his famous letter to Benjamin Bailey. Men of Genius "have not any individuality, any determined character" whereas men of character "are the top and head of those who have a proper self" and are therefore "Men of Power." Men of Power are oriented to accomplishment, not biography. In the interest of being something long and steadfast, their experiences are edited and selected with an economy that is as unacceptable to the true Romanov as Freud's letter to his fiancée would have been to Wilhelm Reich. Character formation to the insatiable consumer suggests the ascesis of the Moonies and the Hare Krishnas; it is correlative with the false consciousness of the establishment world and is simply another way its pinchpenny censoring spirit threatens his very being. Paradoxically, if he wishes to oppose this spirit long and steadfastly he had better be himself a man of character.

Thus we can only marvel, as Talese does in *Thy Neighbor's Wife,* at Hugh Hefner, who retains his youthful figure and executive energy in spite of an "alternate life style" that entails heroic ingestions of junk food and Pepsi-Cola along with a good deal of philandering attention to numerous frisky bunnies. Talese makes him sound like the ideal supervisor for the utopia of Augustine's chiliasts.

IV

The Russian anarchist Mikhail Bakunin, who opposed the Romanov spirit long and steadfastly, had the biography of a romantic poet. With him, however, the priority was on the "poetry," and the "poetry," as he makes clear in "Revolution, Terrorism, Banditry," was fired by the conviction that his generation, utilizing the combined forces of bandit and peasant and "fired by faith and love," must produce an "inexorable brute force and relentlessly tread the path of destruction." To this brute force everything "is sanctified by the revolution," and the morsel to be insatiably consumed was the bourgeois,

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whom he hated as much as Sartre did: "In all Europe not a single person leads a quiet bourgeois life or can with honor reproach us without being forced into hypocrisy." The grand objective was "a renewal of life" after centuries of degradation. He seems to have been as certain as our own Weather Underground that *fressen* would ultimately serve the cause of *essen*.

The Underground Man's ascesis of rejection had no more appeal for Bakunin than the *brahmacharya* of a Robespierre or a Lenin. In his lust for life, he rivaled the Wolfschmidt Czar and the *Playboy* architect. All his appetites were enormous, George Woodcock writes in *Anarchism*. "He talked the nights through, he read enormously, he drank brandy like wine, he smoked 1,600 cigars in a single month of imprisonment in Saxony, and he ate so voraciously that a sympathetic Austrian jail commandant felt moved to allot him double rations." He was no less voracious in his appetite for plots and conspiracies, and in the religious exaltation with which he perceived the possibility "of a revolution carried out with merciless violence and leading paradoxically to an idyllic Utopian world." Revolutionary actions for him were not only means to an end (a destructive force that like Shelley's West Wind would prove to be creative) "but also experiences in themselves, capable of raising him from the everyday life which 'corrupts our instinct and our will, and constricts our heat and intelligence.'"

One wonders how an imagination so capable of being aroused by images of destructive brute force to a state of religious exaltation would have reacted to twentieth-century images of destructiveness—to the Holocaust, the fire bombing of Dresden, the nuclear devastation of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, or the forced evacuation of Phnom Penh—in which one might see expressions of our lurking Kurtzean desire "to swallow all the air, all the earth, all the men." Would such an imagination be able to resist the appeal of an ultimate nuclear annihilation in which, whatever else happened, the accumulated evils of centuries of degradation, including the hated bourgeois, would be forever removed?

In any event, it is hard to imagine Bakunin being anything but bored in a world in which, as he wrote in *Reaction in Germany*, "all our present dissonances will be resolved into a harmonious whole." The adversary culture of his anarchism seems to have been too dependent on any enemy that would stand fast so that it could be insatiably fed upon. He needed the prospect of perpetual revolt where the revolt itself is "a personal liberation, and even a kind of catharsis, a moral purging." But the melodrama of his actions, with its promise of a new heaven and a new earth, was nevertheless important to him as a sustaining framework for that human insatiability that otherwise would have been completely without sanction, and conceivably even frightening. Socially and politically, as well as in his theory of human nature, he was an optimistic anarchist—or at least he was until in his old age he became disillusioned with the masses who seemed to him so dismally without passion for their own emancipation.

The spirit of anarchism is pervasive enough in our own time; indeed, in democratic societies anarchism is an occupational hazard since democracy, especially when its individualistic bias is reinforced by an economic system that encourages consumption, cannot help catering to the insatiable human appetite for self-sufficiency and self-expansion. Nevertheless, our kind of anarchism is much less optimistic than Bakunin's. This is in part because we have in such a short period of time seen so many violent attempts to improve the world end so quickly in making it worse. In the last quarter of a century it has been hard for the most rabid idealist to miss the message that means change ends. But it is also because our muted and faithless anarchism, all pervasive as it is, lacks a substantial adversary which will stand fast so that it can be self-consciously opposed with Bakunin's ecstasy of embattled expectation.

But if we do not share Bakunin's faith, we at least share the attitudes and gestures with which it expressed itself, just as we share Nietzsche's radical skepticism which frees us from the obligation to seek a viable faith, without wanting any part of his Superman-producing ascesis. Our own anarchism tends to be sentimental and narcissistic in its commitment to the destructive urge which gave Bakunin such mystic exaltation. It is as if we have learned from the classic anarchists that if we wish a truly liberated, authentic, and enhanced personal life, we must have the courage to ravin up the means to whatever life we have been living, but without ceasing to believe that those means will remain in abundant supply to protect us in our ravining. The contemporary adversary attitude toward all established interdictions, traditions, taboos, codes, systems, and forms of service that have traditionally opposed the insatiable self in the interest of civilizing and socializing it is itself a protected convention. And those who lack the courage or opportunity to give an ego-enhancing expression to their destructive urges can at least ravin up in junk literature the biographies of insatiably experiencing others.

The biographies of those anarchistic others, repeating on a coarser level the anarchism of their cultural betters, are never more shockingly satisfactory than when they degrade, desecrate, or defile established pieties or norms of conduct—especially sexual conduct—in the cause of anti-hypocrisy. One reason why it is so hard to criticize effectively, let alone restrict, pornography and obscenity in the arts, whether "high" or popular, is not simply the widespread conviction that there is a precious abundance of experience in the pornographic, obscene, and desecratory, but that there is more life to be had in consuming the interdictions that oppose such experience. The interdictions hold us in awe of mysterious powers; if we consume them, we appropriate those powers and (reversing Gandhi's *brahmacharya*) enhance our own potency for further appropriations. So with deconstructionist attacks on literary works and the tradition supporting them: The works and the tradition represent awesome accumulations of power that can be appropriated by those who have the Nietzschean audacity to dismantle them. But here again there may be less experiential satisfaction in liberation from culturally imposed restrictions (since all liberations have unanticipated tradeoffs and are subject to the frustrations of rising expectations) than in the ravining violations of social, psychological, or moral norms that restrict liberation.

Given the high level of obscenity in public and private discourse that our kind of anarchism leads us not only to tolerate but approve, it comes as a surprise to learn from Woodcock that Bakunin kept an aristocratic concern for good manners and rebuked the young men who used bad language in the presence of women. For men to use bad language in the presence of women, or for women to use it, as they increasingly do, in the presence of men, is for us a most convenient way of appropriating the powers locked up in self-abnegating forms of service. Perhaps in Bakunin the insatiable urge to destroy had so much to feed on that he could indulge himself with aristocratic forms of abstention. If that was the case, he was spared the disillusionment of discovering how quickly liberating obscenities become impoverishing conventions. What begins as an exhil-

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arating swagger in which one proves to himself that he is no longer compelled by traditional codes of thought and language has a discouraging tendency, as Walter Kerr observed about the use of obscenities on the American stage, to end up as stultifying cliché.

It is interesting to note how often the same people who defend the obscene and the pornographic, whether out of personal preference or because of a perceived connection with liberating forces, are also militantly opposed to pollution and waste. In the traditional distinction between the deserving and undeserving poor, the latter were wasters and polluters who because of their refusal to practice bourgeois virtues were ravining up life's means and had therefore sacrificed all claims on our charity. The deserving poor, on the other hand, were frugal, thrifty, temperate, and conserving, and therefore did not need our charity. The distinction overlooked the extent to which the undeserving poor in their wasting and polluting were simply imitating their betters, who have always known that one of the best ways to feel rich is to consume immoderately (conspicuously, to use Veblen's term), which inevitably has involved waste and pollution. The dilemma for the contemporary anarchist who is also a passionate conservationist is that to be the latter he must adopt many of the bourgeois values of the deserving poor, for whom small has always been beautiful and less more, and so sabotage some of his life-enhancing destructive urges.

V

The Wolfschmidt Czar and the *Playboy* architect are as immune to dilemma and the red plague as are the gods. There is nothing radical or revolutionary in their attitudes; if there were, some present restriction on their lust for life would be implied. They have realized Bakunin's dream of a condition in which all dissonances have been resolved in a harmonious whole—in a world serene, ordered, and benignly disposed toward generous consumers. Their *essen* will never turn into *fressen*. Not themselves anarchists, they help to clarify the true nature of our faithless anarchism: its uneasy need to believe that it will continue to be possible to enjoy the ego-enhancing pleasures of transgression without inconvenient social, political, or psychological tradeoffs. *Brahmacharya* is as inconceivable to them as guilt: They are as innocent as, towards the end of his life, Henry Miller claimed to have been all along, "even though I've committed crimes in my innocence." Perhaps they share the guardian angel which he believed looked after him because "I'm one of God's chosen ones."

One suspects that Talese the ex-altar boy is not, or at least not yet, one of those dilemma-less, innocent chosen ones as he attempts to combine a Kurtzean lack of restraint in the consumption of sex with a number of traditional bourgeois attitudes. According to the reports of Tony Schwartz and A.E. Hotchner, Talese is a disciplined, well-organized man who prefers formality, is intolerant of sloppiness in manners, dress, or language, and insists on domestic order and respect for elders. It is not easy to reconcile such preferences with those implied by the pursuit of what he calls "impersonal future sex." His naive conviction that attempts to satisfy an insatiable sexual appetite (especially in males) are best understood as correctives to the hypocritical discrepancy between preachment and practice itself suggests the kind of trouble that makes for interesting biography.

In the meantime (that biography still being in process), for many of his readers, *Thy Neighbor's Wife* points toward a desired reconciliation of anarchy and order, Dionysius and Apollo, hedonism and *brahmacharya,* vibrator and hairshirt. He should be helpful to all those faithless anarchists who can take no comfort from Alvin Toffler's Third-Wave promise of a race that is at last "fully and radiantly human" unless that promise is put in a context of erotic anarchism.

Talese (and perhaps Toffler as well) is in the tradition of those early Christian chiliasts who troubled Augustine. His book is an advertisement for a new heaven and new earth in which a special kind of performing self will, in Augustine's words, enjoy "immoderate sensual banquets" that "surpass the measure of credulity itself." In this advertisement, as in those for Wolfschmidt Vodka and *Playboy*—indeed, as in most advertisements—there is a frightening and hyperbolic disjunction: Either accept the terms of the advertisement or miss life; be a Romanov or be nothing. We can imagine that the advertiser is as compelled by this disjunction as the public he addresses, and it is in this sense that most advertisements are honest. Most of us learn early in life to apply some rate of discount to such threats, but who of us ever gets completely beyond the fear that he might out of misconceived prudence miss life? Clearly, Dante, Conrad, and Shakespeare knew this fear. That is why Marlow, though he knows that Kurtz was "hollow at the core," and therefore not equipped for his high-risk enterprise, must still insist that "Whatever he was, he was not common." And Macbeth is finally not a melodramatic villain like Richard the Third but a tragic figure.

Perhaps, then, we must concede this to the Party of Insatiability: that its heroes, as they ravin up whatever promises to fulfill their creaturely needs, may not be common, and may indeed connect with great themes, even when all they do is carry them to the point of defining caricature or horror. It is only that, as Augustine complained about the chiliasts, they so often express what is uncommon in themselves in such common terms.

But there is finally more than this. Nineteen years ago in *Crowds and Power,* a book strongly marked by its author's experience of Nazi Germany and World War II, Elias Canetti, recently winner of the Nobel Prize, gave us an image of insatiability in a figure he called the Survivor. His Survivor is a perennial character in the human drama: He is a voracious consumer hero who needs "to kill so that he can survive others" and so nourish an ever growing sense of his own life-enhanced invulnerability. It was clear as Canetti wrote about the Survivor heroes of history and legend that Hitler and the Holocaust were always on his mind. Was he saying that we must find a way to live with the possibility that Hitler too, as he piled up his bodies, demonstrated a thirst for life like no other man alive? □

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Frank Gannon

THE GOOD DOG RICHARD AFFAIR

Shocking insights into Richard Nixon from the late Fawn Brodie.

What wouldn't you give to have been on Air Force One on that runway in Cairo when they closed the door, revved up the engines, and people suddenly noticed that Richard Nixon wasn't on board? Can't you just see it, as the seat belts were fastened and the tray tables locked securely in their upright positions and it sunk in that *he* was somewhere out there on his own doing God knows what.

Few people in our history have excited quite the same range of emotions as Richard Nixon. Nearing his seventieth birthday, and after six years of relative seclusion since he resigned the presidency, Nixon is still totem for some and taboo for others—still the man some love, the man some hate, and the man some love to hate. Why is this? Why should Nixon excite such extreme emotions? It would take many books—and Fawn Brodie's posthumously published *Richard Nixon: The Shaping of His Character** isn't one of them—to begin to answer that question.

One might begin by saying that Nixon has combined success with survivability while exhibiting apparent disregard for the approval—and even for the opinion—of the political and media establishment. From Jerry Voorhis to Archibald Cox, the list of those against whom Nixon has been pitted reads like the liberal pantheon of the last four decades. There is something almost superhuman about an individual who for thirty years could seek and survive such encounters. Indeed, at one point in Mrs. Brodie's book she questions whether his career wasn't assisted by "demonic forces."

As a Book of the Month Club selection, Mrs. Brodie's work deserves serious attention more for what it will become than for what it is. What it is is a very bad book, and had it been written by anyone else it would have sunk quietly into the fever swamps of the by now extensive eccentric Nixonphobic literature. But because of Mrs. Brodie's reputation as a best-selling biographer, and because her book purports to be so thoroughly researched and so full of undeniably memorable stories and details, it is bound to become a source for subsequent studies of Nixon.

Unfortunately, this is deadly serious stuff. This is Richard Nixon squirming spread-eagled on the merciless couch of psychobiography, written in a breathless, gossipy Hollywood style. You may laugh, you may cry, but you'll never forget the story they said couldn't be told: Nixon's mother, the castrating saint; Nixon's father, the randy satyr who makes W.O. Gant look like Captain Kangaroo; Nixon's hatred of his dead brothers and guilt over profiting from their deaths; Nixon discovering that the reward for lying to everyone about everything is constantly higher political office; Nixon's bloodless, loveless marriage; Nixon's furtive attempts to cure his emotional wretchedness through psychotherapy; Nixon's increasing physical attraction to the swarthy Cuban, Bebe Rebozo; and finally Nixon triumphant: President of the United States, cut off by Pat, sustained by Bebe, overcoming all restraints of fratricidal guilt and glorying in the death he can rain on North Vietnam without anyone holding him personally responsible.

To advance her theories, Mrs. Brodie relies on the accumulative impact of scores of stories, anecdotes, and quoted sources. She skillfully paces her material and seeds her ground to condition the reader to accept her psychobiographical points. Her whole portrait of Nixon depends on being the sum of its parts, which is why the accuracy of each part is so important.

• • •

Richard Nixon is no stranger to psychobiography. He has been clinically diagnosed by scores of writers who have never met him. Bruce Mazlish (*In Search of Nixon*) wrote about what he saw as Nixon's self-absorption, capacity for denial, and excessive fear of being unloved. James David Barber (*The Presidential Character*) slotted Nixon as an "active-negative" type with the accompanying character traits of deviousness, secretiveness, and the tendency to fly off the handle in the face of overwhelming odds. Dr. Eli Chesen (*President Nixon's Psychiatric Profile: A Psychodynamic-Genetic Interpretation*) concluded that Nixon was a compulsive obsessive. Lloyd Etheredge ("Hard-ball Politics: A Model") described Nixon as suffering from a narcissistic personality disorder. And Dr. David Abrahamsen, in *Nixon vs. Nixon: An Emotional Tragedy,* found that the former president was a psychopathic personality, orally and anally fixated, and suffering from a severe character disorder.

There is no question that the circumstances of an individual's childhood, family, and upbringing, can and do play vital parts in adult outlook and behavior. One purpose of biography is to show how men and women develop personality and character from the raw materials of their early lives. But psychobiography takes this simple tool and beats its subjects to death

*Norton, $18.95.

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with it. It is ludicrous to contend that something you did at age 5 will inexorably surface again at age 45. In the case of Mrs. Brodie's Nixon, she uses her research to build a straw man and then sets her Freudian dogs on him. Take, for example, her treatment of one of the staple biographical elements of Nixon's early life: the story of the prominent townswoman caught shoplifting in the Nixon market.

When the woman's crime was discovered, a family conference was held to decide what to do. Young Richard argued against subjecting her to the public humiliation of arrest. When Hannah Nixon confronted her indirectly, the mortified klepto offered to pay back everything she owed month by month so that the secret could be kept from her husband. Most biographers are content to accept this story as indicating Nixon's early maturity and compassion.

But Mrs. Brodie writes that "Preoccupation with shoplifting stayed with Nixon, and it infected an astonishing number of his jokes as President." As evidence she quotes speeches where Nixon told one group at a White House reception that they could have a cup of coffee but couldn't take anything else as a memento of their visit, and another group that they could take anything that wasn't nailed down as a souvenir. Just a few paragraphs later, these lame pleasantries have become "Nixon's preoccupation with thievery," and Mrs. Brodie suggests that

> all through these adolescent years he never resolved the problem of what was really his in the store. . . . In any case, when Nixon finally became president, he found it impossible to distinguish between what was "mine and thine" in the presidential store. His problem with entitlement—"My father owns it, therefore I am entitled to it," translated into "I have been elected president, therefore I am entitled to it"—had never properly been resolved when he was very young.

For me, the paradigm of psychobiography's validity is the treatment of the famous "Good Dog Richard" letter which Nixon wrote on November 23, 1923, when he was almost eleven years old. It is worth reprinting in full:

> My Dear Master:
>
> The two boys that you left with me are very bad to me. Their dog, Jim, is very old and he will never talk or play with me.
>
> One Saturday the boys went hunting. Jim and myself went with him. While going through the woods one of the boys triped and fell on me. I lost my temper and bit him. He kiked me in the side and we started on. While we were walking I saw a black round thing in a tree. I hit it with my paw. A swarm of black thing came out of it. I felt pain all over. I started to run and as both my eyes were swelled shut I fell into a pond. When I got home I was very sore. I wish you would come home right now.
>
> Your good dog
> RICHARD

Professor Barber suggests this letter was written "at a time when his mother was away with Harold"—although a simple command of the chronology indicates that his brother Harold's illness did not appear until years later. He continues:

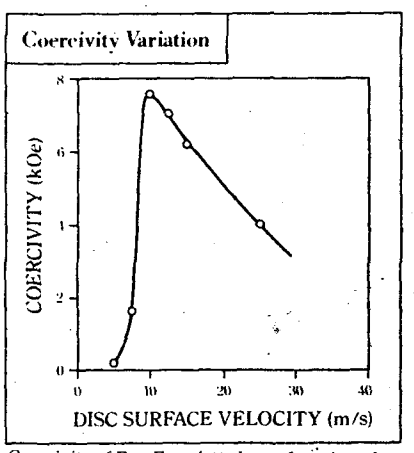
> The fantasy is full of symbols. Are the boys his brothers, kicking and hurting him? Is the old and neglectful dog Jim his father, who fails to protect him? . . . And what should be made of the "black round thing" which, when touched, releases dreadful stingers?

Dr. Abrahamsen exhibits no such hesitancy about interpreting these symbols. He states that the letter is highly revealing from a psychoanalytic point of view, because biting

> is one of the most primitive responses we have. It is an animal reaction and belongs to the earliest stages of human development. . . . That Richard wrote that he bit one of the boys at an age when a child would normally have passed through this

The Critical Interval

There has long been a need in the industrial world for low-cost, high-performance permanent magnets. Recent discoveries at the General Motors Research Laboratories show promise of meeting this challenge by the application of new preparation techniques to new materials.



Coercivity of $Pr_{0.4}Fe_{0.6}$ plotted as a function of disc surface velocity.

Color-enhanced transmission electron micrograph of melt-spun $Nd_{0.4}Fe_{0.6}$ having 7.5 kOe coercivity.

TWO properties characterize desirable permanent magnets: large coercivity (magnetic hardness or resistance to demagnetization) and high remanence (magnetic strength). Higher-performance magnets are required to reduce further the size and weight of a wide variety of electrical devices, including d.c. motors. Such magnets are available, but the cost of the materials necessary to produce them severely limits their use. The research challenge is to select, synthesize, and magnetically harden economically attractive materials of comparable quality.

Prominent among alternative materials candidates are alloys composed of iron and the abundant light rare earths (lanthanum, cerium, praseodymium, neodymium). Investigations conducted by Drs. John Croat and Jan Herbst at the General Motors Research Laboratories have led to the discovery of a method for magnetically hardening these alloys. By means of a rapid-quench technique, the researchers have achieved coercivities in Pr-Fe and Nd-Fe that are the largest ever reported for any rare earth-iron material.

Drs. Croat and Herbst selected praseodymium-iron and neodymium-iron based upon fundamental considerations which indicate that these alloys would exhibit properties conducive to permanent magnet development. These properties include ferromagnetic alignment of the rare earth and iron magnetic moments, which would foster high remanence, and significant magnetic anisotropy, a crucial prerequisite for large coercivity.

That these materials do not form suitable crystalline compounds, an essential requirement for magnetic hardening by traditional methods, presents a major obstacle. Drs. Croat and Herbst hypothesized that a metastable phase having the necessary properties could be formed by cooling a molten alloy at a sufficiently

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stage long before, reinforces our impression that the oral hostile aggression Richard harbored as an infant had been prolonged beyond the norm and had become fixated. The degree to which he regressed into a fantasy is abnormal. We can surmise therefore that the details were not incidental: they reflect an instinctive response which stayed with him long after he had learned that biting was not socially acceptable. Expressions of this kind of response appear in his adult behavior. In his political life, Nixon was often vindictive and revengeful. He was sarcastic, cutting, and caustic.

Mrs. Brodie, in turn, speculates that this plaintive letter was written to Hannah Nixon during one of the times when she supposedly returned to her family's home in order to escape the drudgery of life with her husband and sons. She states that "If nothing else, the letter demonstrates how early he had begun to exaggerate the wrongs inflicted on him by others—a compulsion that affected his whole life."

The actual facts surrounding the "Good Dog Richard" letter, however, are amusingly straightforward. Hannah Nixon kept two early examples of her second son's precocious writing ability. One was a letter, dated January 24, 1924, requesting a job as a delivery boy with the *Los Angeles Times*. The other was the "Good Dog" letter—a grade school composition exercise in which the students were told to pretend they were dogs whose masters were away from home, and to write him asking him to come back.

• • •

In putting her own particular spin on Nixon's psychobiography, Mrs. Brodie sees it as containing five elements: a history of lying from his earliest youth; the impact of death in advancing his career; a perverse delight in giving and taking physical and mental punishment; a failure to love; and the dark guilt of fratricide. Two examples will serve to illustrate her approach.

To begin with, Mrs. Brodie claims that Richard Nixon grew up in an atmosphere in which his father punished him physically and his mother punished him both mentally and emotionally. The resulting youngster adapted but was forever warped—cursed to a cold, secret, calculating adult life of taking punishment while awaiting the chance to give it back. "That Nixon was ambivalent about the punishment he received as a child is suggested by a comment he once made to Stewart Alsop. Discussing motivation in politics, he said, 'It's always good to have the whip on your back.' "

If this seems indirect, Mrs. Brodie has harder evidence. She points out that in the "Good Dog Richard" letter, Nixon complains about being kicked; in Peru in 1958 when Nixon was spat upon by a hostile demonstrator, he kicked him in the shin; after the 1962 gubernatorial defeat in California, he told reporters, "You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore"; in preparation for his 1969 inaugural address Nixon read TR's, Wilson's, FDR's, and JFK's inaugurals and told his speechwriter that the theme of each "was to kick hell out of someone else and tell the American people they're great"; Nixon asked John Dean, "Have you kicked a few butts around?"; and of his opponents in 1972 he said, "They got the hell kicked out of them in the election."

Bringing this significant litany together for the first time, Mrs. Brodie then raises the obvious question:

> Did Frank Nixon kick his sons? The theme of kicking and of being kicked, appears early in Nixon's life, and surfaces repeatedly. . . . Whether Frank Nixon kicked his son or not is not as certain as that Nixon felt himself to be kicked around by his father. That the idea of kicking came easily to Frank Nixon his son made clear in *Six Crises*. After listening to his "Checkers" speech,

rapid rate. They tested this idea by means of the melt-spinning technique, in which a molten alloy is directed onto a cold, rotating disc. The cooling rate, which can be varied by changing the surface velocity of the disc, can easily approach 100,000°C per second. The alloy emerges in the form of a ribbon.

THE researchers found that variations of the cooling rate can dramatically affect the magnetic properties of the solidified alloys. In particular, appreciable coercivity is achieved within a narrow interval of quench rate.

Equally remarkable, synthesis and magnetic hardening, two steps in conventional processing, can be achieved simultaneously.

"X-ray analysis and electron microscopy of the high coercivity alloys reveal an unexpected mixed microstructure," states Dr. Croat. "We observe elongated amorphous regions interspersed with a crystalline rare earth-iron compound."

Understanding the relationship between the coercivity and the microstructure is essential. The two scientists are now studying the extent to which the coercivity is controlled by the shape and composition of the amorphous and crystalline structures.

"The development of significant coercivity is an important and encouraging step," says Dr. Herbst, "but practical application of these materials requires improvement of the remanence. Greater knowledge of the physics governing both properties is the key to meeting the commercial need for permanent magnets."

THE MEN BEHIND THE WORK

Drs. Croat and Herbst are Staff Research Scientists in the Physics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Croat (right) received his Ph.D. in metallurgy from Iowa State University. His research interests include the magnetic, magneto-elastic and catalytic properties of pure rare earth metals and their alloys and compounds.

Dr. Herbst (left) received his Ph.D. in physics from Cornell University. In addition to the magnetism of rare earth materials, his research interests include the theory of photo-emission and the physics of fluctuating valence compounds.

Dr. Croat joined General Motors in 1972; Dr. Herbst, in 1977.

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Nixon wrote that Frank Nixon had observed, "It looks to me as if the Democrats have given themselves a good kick in the seat of the pants . . ."

The thread of fratricide, as unraveled by Mrs. Brodie, is an even more fascinating example of her method. And unlike some of Nixon's other hangups, this one is his very own:

> But blame for the more sinister theme of fratricide, running like a lethal shadow through Nixon's life, should not rest with his parents. It was a development unique to him, which even now leaves me baffled and anguished. It surfaces too often to be accidental. Others have felt it. Theodore White, friendly to Nixon in 1972, castigated the liberal press for treating Nixon "as if the brand of Cain were on him."

Here, as Mrs. Brodie marches her evidence into serried ranks, the deadly pattern emerges. Nixon, she charges, profited from the deaths of his brothers Arthur and Harold both emotionally (advancing him in the affections of his parents) and financially (there would now be more money to spend on him and his education). Then, Nixon's maiden speech in Congress was "to encourage the destruction" of the Communist Eisler brothers. His "second act" in Congress (never mind Mrs. Brodie's chronology here, she's on a roll) was to attack Alger Hiss "and also Hiss's brother Donald, who bore the name of Nixon's own brother." Nixon, she says, started and encouraged the CIA movement to destroy Fidel Castro and his brother Raul as well. Then there were the assassinations of John and Robert Kennedy and Edward Kennedy's removal from the 1972 political scene by the events at Chappaquiddick. For good measure Mrs. Brodie throws in Martin Luther King, Jr., George Wallace, the Diem brothers, and the suicides of two of Nixon's early biographers which, she says, "must be added to the list of untimely deaths that touched Nixon's life."

Having thus proved beyond any shadow of doubt that the deaths of brothers, including his own, had played a pivotal role in his life and in his career, Mrs. Brodie admits, "What one does not know is whether or not Nixon suffered from an anxiety that the fate helping him was demonic and not divine." Fortunately, within just a few pages, she is able to answer even this tough question. Writing about the Christmas bombing of North Vietnam in 1972, she states: "Again, death was his ally, this time still more massive killing and mutilation. That he had come to delight in the slaughter and had no quarrel with God concerning it was clear enough . . ."

• • •

As Mrs. Brodie describes her research for this book, it sounds impressive. She lists the 150 individuals she interviewed; her bibliography fills six pages of miniscule type; her footnotes require 35 pages of closely printed double columns. But closer examination reveals that she has merely taken a long walk on the wilder side of the anti-Nixon literature. Time and again, her most telling points turn out to come from the same few books that are either overtly unfriendly (e.g., William Costello's seminal *The Facts About Nixon*) or marginally eccentric (e.g., Traphes Bryant's *Dog Days at the White House*; Bryant was keeper of the Executive Mansion's kennels and Mrs. Brodie quotes his professional judgment that Mrs. Nixon hugged the Irish Setter King Timahoe because she was starved for affection from her husband).

As for her use of new and otherwise uncorroborated materials about so chronicled and controversial a figure, only a naive or disingenuous historian could accept them so uncritically. From considerable exposure to the extant Nixonalia, I can assert that any new Nixon story must be subjected to the most rigorous scrutiny, particularly anything post-Watergate. Having read extensively in both pre- and post-Watergate oral history materials, I have observed that those who before Watergate remembered personally seeing Nixon walking on water afterwards had vivid and total recall of the times they saw him pulling the wings off flies. (In fact, it was decided that oral history material was so unreliable that, unless it could be independently corroborated, it would not be used in the Nixon memoirs.)

Mrs. Brodie seems not quite so discriminating, and some of the most important new stories in her book do not stand up to factual scrutiny. The story of Vita Remley, for example, is a dramatic addition to the Nixon canon, providing in microcosm the petty vindictiveness, pent-up rage, and violent emotional instability Mrs. Brodie sees in her subject.

The story is as follows: Vita Remley worked in the Los Angeles County Assessor's office. She was active in Democratic politics, and had been involved in the Nixon-Voorhis campaign in 1946. In 1952 she received a request for a veteran's property exemption from a Richard and Pat Nixon. At that time a married veteran owning less than $10,000 worth of property could qualify for a $50 reduction in his California taxes. Since Mrs. Remley knew from the papers that Nixon had just purchased a large new home in Washington, she knew he didn't qualify and therefore rejected his application. Drew Pearson somehow "indirectly" learned of this incident and ran it in his column.

Several weeks later, Nixon was giving a speech at the Long Beach Civic Auditorium and Mrs. Remley went to hear him. Mrs. Brodie dramatically relates what happened next:

> Arriving late, she listened from near the open door. As he emerged he recognized her. In a sudden fit of rage he walked over and slapped her. His friends, horrified, hustled him away in the dark. There were no cameras or newsmen to catch the happening, and Mrs. Remley, fearful of losing her job, told only a few friends.

Mrs. Brodie hustles on to other matters, but the reader might want to linger over some of the more palpable improbabilities of this story. First, it depends on the coincidental geography that places Mrs. Remley and Nixon "near the open door" as he and his friends walk out. But the Long Beach Auditorium was a large public hall which held 2,000 people and had several entrances. Of course, it is possible that Nixon strode directly from the podium and through the crowd to where Mrs. Remley was standing. It's also possible that when he reached her he wasn't engulfed by the usual entourage of hosts, aides, supporters, and reporters which one would expect to surround the Vice President of the United States at a major appearance in his home state.

So there they are: face to face. Nixon instantly recognizes Mrs. Remley from the newspaper photos several weeks back and pastes her in the jaw. No one who saw it happen, and not one of the friends to whom the unaccountably frightened Mrs. Remley confided (after all, the damage had already been done by Pearson's column and the other publicity surrounding the exemption request), ever breaks his silence. Fortunately, Mrs. Remley felt safe enough 28 years later to give this episode to history by relating it to Mrs. Brodie. As the sole footnote for this remarkable story attests: "Vita Remley to FB, May 19, 1980."

It's a pity Mrs. Brodie didn't bother to complete the Vita Remley story. For one thing, the Remley refusal of Nixon's niggardly and patently unqualified request for a veteran's exemption was printed in Pearson's national column five days before the 1952 presidential election. Mrs. Brodie mentions neither this, nor the fact that three weeks after the election Pearson printed a retraction: The Richard and Pat Nixon who had filed the request just happened to have the same names as the vice president and his wife.

Apart from being uncritical of her sources, Mrs. Brodie is sometimes just wrong about them. She quotes "Kandy Stroud, on Pat Nixon's staff" as saying, "She gave so much and got so little of what was really meaningful to a woman. . . . Sometimes he was so brutally indifferent I wept for her." Coming from a member of Mrs. Nixon's staff this is powerful stuff. The problem here is that Kandy Stroud was the White House correspondent for *Women's Wear Daily*.

Trying to establish the point of Nixon's indifference to his wife, Mrs. Brodie cites the president's Daily Diary:

> an astonishing record that chronicled what he did every moment of his life save for his trips to the bathroom. . . . At San Clemente, on July 6, 1972, for example, this president who had written with such emotion on the right to privacy seems not to have minded someone noting in a file that from 2:50 P.M. to 2:51 P.M. he spoke to his wife, that at 4:48 P.M. he met her at the pool area, that at 5:02 P.M. he returned to the compound residence. "Through the days and nights of his life," Jimmy Breslin noted, "his diaries showed he spent a half-hour, at the most up to an hour, a day with his wife."

If Mrs. Brodie had mastered her sources she would have known that the Daily Diary was a relatively selective document compiled by White House secretaries, telephone operators, and Secret Service agents. That it was called a "diary" undoubtedly leads to some confusion—not least because Nixon himself did keep

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a separate, tape-recorded personal diary (not to be confused with the White House tapes!) during the almost 19 months of his second term in office. The Daily Diary, however, was just a barebones outline of Nixon's schedule, phone calls, and whereabouts when he was anywhere outside the family quarters or residence area. Thus, the one minute conversation would have been a phone call logged by an operator. The fifteen minutes in the pool area would have been the daily afternoon swim the Nixons always took together in San Clemente. The pool was next to the residence, and the "return" there meant that the Nixons were now in their house for the evening and therefore off the logs.

In Mrs. Brodie's discussion of the 18½-minute gap, she states as absolute fact that

> Eighteen and one half minutes of a crucial tape he destroyed totally. Prosecutor Leon Jaworski was certain of this, but Nixon, in his memoirs, continued to deny it, and said that the erasing might have been done accidentally by his lawyer. Fred Buzhardt by now was dead and unable to defend himself.

In fact, Fred Buzhardt died of a heart attack on December 16, 1978, eight months *after* the Nixon book was published. Besides, Mrs. Brodie makes it sound as if Nixon blamed Buzhardt for the erasure, but here is what Nixon actually wrote in his memoirs:

> Haig told me that Garment and Buzhardt were completely panicked by the discovery of the 18½-minute gap. They suspected everyone, including Rose, Steve Bull, and me. Suspicion had now invaded the White House. I even wondered if Buzhardt himself could have accidentally erased the portion beyond the five-minute gap Rose thought she might have caused.

There is not time nor space enough to list all the errors and evasions in Mrs. Brodie's book. For each period of Nixon's life she dredges up every old canard and retells it in its most damning form as if it were gospel truth. Thus her version of the debate over the PAC endorsement in the 1946 campaign has Nixon snookering poor "nonpunishing and caring" Jerry Voorhis by entrapping him in a classic ploy of guilt by association. In fact, one of the revelations of the Nixon memoirs was the discovery of a newspaper report that Voorhis had actually been interviewed for that specific purpose by the organization whose endorsement he claimed was unsought and came as a complete surprise to him. Although Mrs. Brodie quotes from the Nixon memoirs regarding this campaign, she neglects to mention this new and devastatingly inconvenient fact.

Again, in the case of the 1952 Fund crisis, Mrs. Brodie states that Nixon lied in the Checkers speech when he said the Fund was not kept secret. But she does not explain how you keep secret a fund raised entirely from several thousand letters sent through the mails to past contributors.

Then, discussing the 1960 election, Mrs. Brodie asserts without proof that Nixon purposely arranged to go to Moscow in 1959 in order to bait Khrushchev and so demonstrate his ability to stand up to Communist leaders. And in a ridiculous version of the power relationships in the Eisenhower White House, she has Nixon virtually initiating and masterminding the plot to overthrow Castro as a means to assure his own election as president, all this despite contemporary documentary evidence that Nixon was undecided about Castro's intentions.

• • •

Because Mrs. Brodie makes so much of the friendship between Nixon and Bebe Rebozo, her errors in

In earlier epochs, a critic tormented only the writers...

Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting.
Laurence Sterne

In ours, he torments everybody.

Recently a middle-aged father published a book about his sordid adventures in massage parlors, wife-swapping communes and the worlds of easy sex and prostitution. The critics were grateful to Gay Talese. *Newsweek* said that "Talese's research has an awesome solidity about it." *Vogue* was proud of "... Gay's triumph over the puritanical strictures of Ocean City, strictures that so inhibited him that he didn't even masturbate until his second year in college." And the *Chicago Tribune* – a newspaper respectable primarily in its own eyes—turned its enthusiasm into promotion by running excerpts of *Thy Neighbor's Wife* for Chicagoland families to read.

The state of literary criticism today strongly confirms Laurence Sterne's warning: the cant of criticism *is* the most tormenting. To make things worse, the modern media have transformed the critic into a midwife of mass consciousness. Regardless of what we wish to know or ignore, we live with cultural events and their consequences —as interpreted by the modern critic. Sadly, what passes for "cultural criticism" in *Time, Esquire, Chicago Tribune, Ladies Home Journal,* et al., amounts to an elitist, moral shoddiness.

The Critical Difference

In *Chronicles of Culture,* we feel there is a need for a counterpoise to those who judge cultural offerings without giving any thought to the impact of messages which are liberated from all codes of moral and intellectual responsibility. We firmly believe that culture, books, movies, behavioral trends—their meaning and success—deeply affect man's preferences and, consequently, his sense of moral and social order. We are not timid when we confront the liberal cultural cant. *The National Review* remarked that we, *"Go for the jugular. . . . Chronicles* reports on the reporters, and reviews the reviewers. Its verdicts have not been kind."

The Critical Response

In every issue, we challenge the dominant cultural establishment on what it preaches about culture, politics and social matters. Malcolm Muggeridge observed that "... in *Chronicles of Culture* the Consensus assumptions—that the *New York Times* is a great newspaper, that the South Africans are uniquely the villains of our time, that President Reagan is an idiot, that all good men and true build their hopes on disarmament talks with Mr. Brezhnev, etc. etc. etc.—are blissfully absent." Tom Wolfe said about our work, "It has been a pleasure to watch Leopold Tyrmand and the *Chronicles of Culture* confront—à la Orwell—the smelly little orthodoxies of our time." And from the *London Times,* ". . . it is a relief to receive an American publication which puts forward another view. . . . [*Chronicles*] displays a pleasantly open and ironic position. . . . Who, among the liberal monopoly of power in this sphere, will reply to Tyrmand?"

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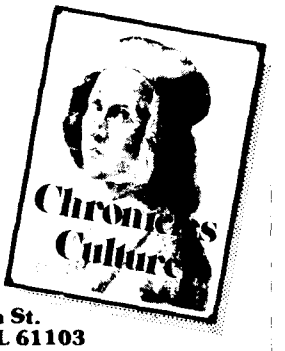

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this regard are particularly noteworthy. For example, she writes that "Rebozo accompanied Nixon to the hospital when he had viral pneumonia in July 1973; a press photograph shows him saying to White House physician Dr. Tkach, 'Take good care of him.'" Given the relationship Mrs. Brodie implies existed between the two men, the tenderness conveyed here would seem to support her intimation. The footnote cites a page in *The Breaking of a President,* a rather bizarre compilation of Watergate material by Marvin Miller, a California Nixonphobe, published in 1975. The page does indeed show a photograph of Rebozo and Dr. Tkach, but the quotation "Take good care of him" is the caption Mr. Miller wrote for the photo in his book.

Mrs. Brodie introduces Rebozo as "a handsome, unmarried Florida native of Cuban descent who had a reputation for discretion," and notes that "Rebozo had been a beautiful youth, called 'the best looking boy' in his high school yearbook." She writes, without citation, that "one woman in the White House said he had 'the most beautiful eyes in Washington.'" And she cites no less an authority than Dan Rather as saying that Rebozo was "one of the most sensual men he had ever seen."

In order to explain away the fact that Rebozo was widely known as a man-about-town and was frequently seen in the company of attractive women, she turns to "the sensitive Jules Witcover," who saw this socializing "as a facade, and thought of Rebozo as being 'like Nixon, a loner and introvert.'" Finally, Mrs. Brodie produces Bob Greene of *Newsday* who said, "My own particular thought was that he was one of those guys who has an extremely low sex drive. He had a tendency to keep the company of whisky-drinking, fishing, rather masculine-type men, with the exception of Nixon."

Tying things together, Mrs. Brodie writes that after the resignation, "Rebozo's role in the complexities of the Nixon marriage for the first time became a matter of public comment." She observes that "Much about this friendship remains obscure but in one respect it was like a good marriage . . ." And she adds that "Nixon seems to have been willing to risk the kind of gossip that frequently accompanies close friendship with a perennial bachelor, this despite his known public aversion to homosexuals . . ." (Mrs. Brodie has already discussed Rebozo's marriage and remarriage, but that apparently doesn't affect perennial bachelorhood in her reckoning.) Lest any stone of innuendo be left unturned, Mrs. Brodie informs us that Rebozo stayed aloof from the so-called Palace Guard "led by Haldeman and Ehrlichman, who cracked the whip for the clean-cut handsome young staffers . . ."

It sure seems as if Mrs. Brodie is trying to tell us something here. Fortunately, her innate delicacy prevents her from coming right out with it, so it is up to the reader to fill in the blanks.

Mrs. Brodie is equally insinuative and misleading in her treatment of the relationship between Nixon and Dr. Arnold Hutschnecker. Dr. Hutschnecker was a Park Avenue internist who wrote a book called *The Will to Live,* which enjoyed considerable success in the early 1950s. It was of the self-help genre: Work-related stress was the cause of many psychosomatic ailments, and if people would tap into the vital life forces within them they would be happier and healthier.

Nixon was given a copy of the book by California Senator Sheridan Downey, the Democratic incumbent who endorsed Republican Nixon over

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How best can the problems be met, the people helped? For too long, we as a nation have sought answers through an elephantine, hyperactive government bent on redistributing resources by taking from the haves in taxes and giving to the have-nots through a welter of social programs.

But that hasn't worked. The problems have festered and spread even as taxes and spending and governmental involvement have ballooned, oppressing all with crunching taxation and inflation.

It hasn't worked, for one thing, because we've become so preoccupied with slicing up the economic pie that we've neglected the essential task of making the pie bigger. We've become split up into a nation of factions, with each segment and interest group—business included—scratching and scrambling for its share. When the pie shrinks or stagnates, each group fights all the more desperately for a share of what's left. Consensus gives way to confrontation in our political life.

We've become more engrossed in carving out a larger slice of someone else's wealth than in producing more wealth ourselves. In the process we've lost sight of what forged the American economic marvel in the first place: an expanding private enterprise economy functioning in a free society to increase the wealth and living standards of those who are willing to get out and work for what they want.

"A rising tide lifts all boats"—that's how President Kennedy put it a couple of decades ago. His message long went unheeded by our national leaders. Now it's getting through. Emphasis anew is centered on the need to create, compete, produce, earn—and grow. Once again priority is being given to fostering the initiative and enterprise that power sound economic growth of the kind that will bring opportunity and advancement to all... lifting all boats.

What is overlooked too often is that those in greatest need stand to gain the most from national economic progress. For they are the farthest behind, and they have the farthest to rise.

There'll always be a need, of course, for publicly funded social programs and for government to step in and help those trapped on the bottom rungs. The wherewithal for the public sector to do all we expect of it must come from the private sector. The best social program of all is a strong, growing, productive economy.

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fellow Democrat Helen Gahagan Douglas in 1950. Nixon liked the book, and when he was in New York he went to Dr. Hutschnecker for a checkup.

It is difficult for Mrs. Brodie to accept the fact that Dr. Hutschnecker was not a psychiatrist. When first we meet him, he is introduced correctly as "an internist with a special interest in psychosomatic illness, who treated Nixon for 'stress' when he was vice president . . ." Later, however, we are told that Dr. Hutschnecker was "called—not altogether incorrectly—'the President's shrink.'" Then, on page 333, Mrs. Brodie herself supplies the psychoanalytical diagnosis that Dr. Hutschnecker so unobligingly failed to provide: "We may assume that the doctor noted Nixon's 'neurotic hangups,' but these he cannot discuss." And in words that seem remarkably unenlightened coming from a psychobiographer, Mrs. Brodie declares that "No one goes to a doctor who specializes in emotional problems unless he is driven by a special wretchedness."

Finally, on page 503, we hit paydirt: Mrs. Brodie at last wrestles Nixon to the couch. She recounts a dream that Nixon mentioned in his personal tape-recorded diary and adds, "Sharing a dream is dangerous, as Nixon must certainly have recognized in therapy." *Therapy?*

• • •

Lest I leave the wrong impression, I want to assure potential readers that this is not a book without heroes and heroines. Fortunately the world compensates for people like the Nixons with people like the Kennedys. Mrs. Brodie is positively rhapsodic when she describes JFK as

> a man of formidable natural gifts, who brought intellectuals swarming into his camp as had Franklin Roosevelt, and who charmed even the most cynical of reporters. Lean, athletic, handsome, a shock of boyish hair falling over his forehead, his cool gray eyes crinkling at the corners when he grinned, he caused palpable excitement among the women in every gathering, and his appearance on motorcades sent girls into paroxysms of shrieking and jumping.

And if she leaves you depressed reading about how banal poor Pat Nixon is and how badly she is ignored by her husband, Mrs. Brodie compensates with this portrait of Jackie Kennedy:

> Her youth, offbeat piquancy, immense haunting eyes, and atypical beauty made her overnight an international sensation. Thanks to her maiden name, Bouvier, the French counted her peculiarly their own.

Richard Nixon: The Shaping of His Character is a sadly unbalanced book. Mrs. Brodie so actively despises her subject that she has none of the perspective good biography requires. She does not credit Richard Nixon, child, youth, or man, with one worthy achievement, one decent intention, one unselfish action, one normal motivation, one human instinct. It is a very bad book: the bitter legacy of a determined and passionate woman.

And what good has it done? Even as Mrs. Brodie's book begins inching toward the remainder stores, Richard Nixon seems once again on the verge of a fiery re-entry into the political atmosphere. His inclusion in the official delegation to President Sadat's funeral led the *Washington Post* to run a front-page story headlined "Nixon's Redemption—Mission in Middle East Could Be His Way Back From Elba." Mary McGrory, her worst fears confirmed, wrote that Nixon used the funeral as his "round-trip ticket to respectability" and the way to end "the hated obscurity of his exile in New Jersey." Joseph Kraft wrote that "the pariah smirked his way back into the circle of grace."

Until Nixon's more passionate critics exorcise their own ghosts from the 35 years of bitter controversy that have surrounded him and meet him on the solid ground of historical fact, they will continue to flail at a bogey at least partly of their own imaginations, convinced that he is about to stage another successful comeback and at last achieve his goal of suppressing the Constitution. □

THE NATION'S PULSE

BEDPAN HOSPITALITY

by Ernest van den Haag

Apart from Samuel Butler, long dead, nobody believes that hospitals ought to punish the sick—yet punish them they do. Comfort in a hospital, it seems, is frivolous. The patient who wants comfort is suspected of not taking his illness seriously enough. He should be dedicated to being sick and getting better, not thinking about trivial luxuries incompatible with the dignity of illness, let alone the sacred mission of medicine and the ministrations of its angels of mercy. "This is a hospital," the saying goes, "not a luxury hotel."

But why shouldn't a patient in a hospital enjoy the comforts and conveniences of a good hotel (to the extent his condition permits), so long as he is willing to pay for them? The truth is, they are incompatible not with medicine but with hospital traditions for which there is no longer any justification, if ever there was one. Somehow, there remains the idea that comfort is inappropriate *in principle,* like champagne at a funeral. Even where nurses are cheerful and medical services superb, the hospital's punitive tradition survives —and demands discomfort, humiliation, and absurdity.

I just spent a few days in a hospital. I paid the extra charge and reserved a private room, except that it wasn't really private. For one thing, I couldn't close the door. (They're deliberately made that way.) And even when I managed to stick some newspapers under it, nobody bothered to knock before barging in or close the door when leaving. At night a nurse with a flashlight came by, not quite noiselessly, every half hour—I suppose to make sure that I was still alive. Thinking that sleep was probably good for me, I protested, meekly, but to no avail. "It's the law," she explained.

Money didn't buy me privacy (even in a "private room") and it didn't buy me comfort, either. My bed was too narrow (a double bed was, for some reason, out of the question), and when I confessed to being over 65 the nurses insisted upon raising the bars along its sides, as if I belonged in a crib ("regulations, you know"). The mattress and pillow were sheathed in plastic, which was hot, uncomfortable, and slippery: Shall I go on?

Hotels, by the way, with sanitary problems of their own from their frequently changing guests, manage to do without the plastic sheathing. (But then they can't afford to make customers uncomfortable, can they?) And that's not the only difference. Hospitals offer room and board markedly inferior to what any hotel knows it must offer on pain of losing guests. My room was smaller than any hotel room I've ever stayed in. I couldn't control the air conditioning. My bathroom had no bathtub. And, of course, in the hospital there was nothing resembling room service: Meals had to be ordered a day in advance, and food was brought only at meal times. No snacks, no cup of coffee when you want it. Magazines are unavailable. There is plenty of television, yes, but no radio (am I the only patient who likes to listen to music?). And there's a phone at every bed, each implacably set to jangle at top volume.

Indeed, noise—unnecessary noise —seems to be part of hospital regimen, at all hours, as if it were somehow snobbish or elitist to have quiet, to speak in low voices. Nurses' aides, for instance, seem to enjoy shouting at one another across miles of corridor. And when they have nothing to shout about, they whistle or sing. Carts pass through the corridors all the time. Nobody seems to oil the wheels. They squeak and have no rubber tires.

Besides all varieties of discomfort and inconvenience, there are still other hospital traditions, at least one of which is scrupulously honored: The patient is not to be trusted. You can walk up to the X-ray room yourself? Never mind. You go on a stretcher, like it or not. So: phone

Ernest van den Haag is author of Punishing Criminals.

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calls, extra personnel, special elevators—all for someone (me, in this case) who is as able to walk by himself as the aide pushing him. Needless to say, it doesn't help your dignity or morale to be pushed around like a cripple, or a piece of meat, when there is no need for it. But then it does seem to make the hospital feel more in control. ("Can't have patients running around by themselves, you know.")

Medicines are doled out shorn of their individual packaging, powders of their envelopes. And they must be swallowed in the presence of a nurse. Just getting an antihistamine, I was made to feel incompetent. And why did the nurse's aide who took my temperature treat it as a state secret? I asked for aspirin. Not without a doctor's permission. Now, aspirin may not be advisable in some cases. Why then not tell me to consult the doctor before taking it? Why insist: You cannot have it unless we decide you can? The hospital does not believe that any patient will act rationally without supervision.

Most patients accept this treatment without protest. They feel guilty for being patients—and they feel dependent. Hospitals take advantage of this dependency to re-infantalize patients, because the staff finds it convenient to treat all patients as if they were children. I doubt that it helps the patients.

I know, I know. A hospital feels not just responsible for your health, but, above all, financially liable. The fear of being sued is supposed to explain all kinds of foolish regulations, universally applied. But it would be simple for the hospital to protect itself against liability—allowing patients to sleep at night, for instance, or to move under their own power, or to take their own medicines—by having any competent patient who wants to do so (and perhaps his physician) fill out an appropriate form.

What prevents such a policy is not the law, or any medical need, or fancied difficulties about liability, but the punitively egalitarian ethos of the hospital. It's fine that medical services should be equally good for everyone. But why must everything else be equal? Why must every room be equipped, expensively, for the worst case (oxygen outlets, mechanized beds) when only a few patients are likely to need the equipment? Why must every patient suffer the discomfort of plastic sheathing when it's needed only occasionally? Why must patients suffering from broken ankles, or simply undergoing tests, be treated as though totally disabled and incompetent? All patients are alike in the hospital's eyes: equally guilty of being patients. The same rules for everybody, regardless of his medical or financial condition: "Where do you think you are? This is a hospital."

The biggest hotels manage to cater to the wishes of individual guests. Hospitals don't. There is only one reason. You are not a guest. You are a patient. We will make you well, they say, if you are willing to suffer.

The punitive tradition of hospitals dates from time immemorial. Disease, through most of history, was thought a form of disgrace, deserving pity, perhaps, but not comfort. Medicine was largely purgative and punitive. Hospitals were places for the poor only; the well-to-do were taken care of at home. Hospitals were charities (most, in fact, are still run on a non-profit basis). The grateful patients did not expect comfort, and the patronizing spirit of charity has not changed.

I doubt it will, until, at least, the non-medical aspects of hospitals are run on a profit-making basis by private firms, as hotels are. As it is now, there is no effective competition among hospitals by means of patient comfort. And the deck is stacked anyway: If you want your personal physician to treat you, you have to use the hospital to which he is accredited, even if another one is medically no worse, and more comfortable for you. Thus the admission policies of hospitals preclude competition.

Hasn't the time come to treat sick people as though human, adult, and entitled to whatever comfort their medical conditions and their purses permit? □

PRESSWATCH

SPEAKING FOR SUPPLY

by Fred Barnes

It is fortunate that Rowland Evans and Robert Novak do not require regular doses of public praise from the political community, that unofficial body of reporters, columnists, elected and appointed officials, executive assistants, publicists, and consultants which shapes the conventional wisdom in American politics. For they get practically none. Rather, they have a knack for touching off criticism that is not always good-natured. A recent survey of congressmen and editorial page editors rated Evans and Novak sixteenth in a field of 17 columnists. Only Jack Anderson fared worse, and Tom Wicker and Garry Wills were among those who ranked higher. Meanwhile, their new book—*The Reagan Revolution**—evoked a snotty, barely serious critique in the *New York Times Book Review* by James Fallows, the former speechwriter for Jimmy Carter and normally a journalist of unusual thoughtfulness. Even the crowd at the Reagan White House piles on from time to time. One senior official refers derisively to Evans and Novak as "the press spokesmen for Jack Kemp and supply-side economics."

Yet in the teeth of this negative recognition, Evans and Novak have been producing the most discerning and prescient—and often best reported—commentary on the Reagan administration of any columnists or reporters in Washington, or anywhere else in the country for that matter. Almost alone, they gleaned the fundamental characteristic of Ronald Reagan: that he is a man of deep and abiding ideological conviction. While others dwelled on Reagan's inattention to detail and willingness to delegate authority, they emphasized the dramatic impact of his ideology on the course of his presidency. Well in advance of other reporters, they determined how Reagan would shave his tax cut, whittling five percent off the first year. And when nearly everyone in Washington—including ranking aides at the White House—was concluding that the tax bill would fail in Congress, Evans and Novak insisted passage was certain. When the measure was overwhelmingly approved, they knew why. The journalistic pack credited Reagan's skill as a television communicator and lobbyist; Evans and Novak explained the tax cut was just plain popular. They also counseled, starting back in the early months of the 1980 campaign, that Reagan would get into trouble if he turned from supply-side optimism to the gloomy austerity of old-fashioned conservative economics, say by proposing to slash Social Security benefits. Before other journalists knew the difference between a supply-sider and an orthodox conservative—most still don't—Evans and Novak spotted the struggle between the two competitors for Reagan's economic soul as crucial to the economic success and political strength of his administration.

One reason why Evans and Novak, a team for 18 years, earn so little credit is that their column is difficult to classify. Initially, they wrote glowingly of liberal Republicans who were "pragmatic problem solvers," but they became disillusioned with this rootless breed during the Vietnam war and Nixon presidency. Now Evans and Novak are conservative and thus baldly sympathetic to Reagan, but so are James J. Kilpatrick, George Will, and William F. Buckley, Jr. (all of whom scored considerably higher in the rating of columnists). They are chiefly political writers, but so are Jack Germond and Jules Witcover. What makes Evans and Novak unique is the blend of reporting, analysis, and advocacy that they inject into their column. Kilpatrick, Will, and Buckley don't do much legwork, after all. And Germond and Witcover don't overtly advocate policies and promote political favorites. A late summer column by Evans and Novak on Congressman Kemp, the new round of budget cuts,

*Dutton, $12.75.

Fred Barnes is Washington correspondent for the Baltimore Sun.

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and the gold standard exemplified their approach. It began with fresh reporting: Kemp would oppose the new cuts in order to play up the need to move toward restoration of gold convertability. Then, it slid into analysis, endorsing the "widespread belief that budget director David Stockman's latest spending cuts while undercutting Reagan's defense aims, will not help the economy." Finally, it wound up with a thinly disguised appeal for Reagan to put consideration of the gold standard on his immediate agenda. Unfortunately for Evans and Novak, there turned out to be a problem with the column. A few days later, Kemp decided to go along with the new cuts, though he argued they wouldn't invigorate the economy.

That was a rare mistake for Evans and Novak in writing about Reagan. True, Reagan didn't buy much of their advice on appointments, notably in the case of New York businessman Lewis Lehrman. They plugged him as "a loyal Republican, a devoted Reaganite and a brilliant student of supply-side economics" who would be a perfect choice for Treasury Secretary. But even when Reagan picked conventional types like Donald Regan for his Cabinet, Evans and Novak did not alter their assessment of Reagan as a conservative ideologue bent on radical change. His wounding in an assassination attempt crystallized Reagan's indispensable role in reversing years of expanding government, soaring taxes, rising inflation, and a sluggish economy. They wrote:

The assassination attempt that afternoon left those who share Reagan's dream cold with fear at the futility of going on without Reagan. There is no alternative to Reagan himself to ensure that his goals are not diluted into the fuzzy pragmatism of the previous 16 years of postwar Republican administrations.

The administration of Dwight D. Eisenhower, with whom Reagan often is compared, functioned efficiently without apparent disruption during three prolonged absences of the ailing president. While Reagan indeed resembles Eisenhower in wholesale delegation of duties, he alone has set the ideological tone of his administration in a way the old general never did.

Accordingly, the announcement Reagan would be able to function as president the very day after his shooting and might leave the hospital within two weeks was of vital importance. Nobody could guess what would happen to this administration's motive force during protracted convalescence for its chief. Far from being the irrelevancy of his caricatures, Reagan is the vital spark that moves his administration.

Vice President George Bush has gained Reagan's confidence as witness his triumph over Secretary of State Alexander Haig in their power struggle. But even if Bush, with vastly more governmental experience than Reagan, fully agreed with Reagan's revolutionary goals, he could not match Reagan's ideological commitment. The White House senior staff, including the President's longtime servitors, seem closer to Bush than Reagan in lack of ideological intensity.

This ideological component in Reagan's makeup—namely, that he believes all the conservative ideas he had been espousing for 20 years and intends to implement them—was lost on most reporters and columnists well into the Reagan presidency. On inauguration day, one of the most astute Reagan watchers, Lou Cannon of the *Washington Post*, wrote that it was Reagan's "agreeable nature" that "more than anything . . . commends him to his fellow Americans." As late as last August, Steven Weisman of the *New York Times* characterized Reagan as a president who concentrates on "the big picture," but made only a fleeting reference to Reagan's "deep determination about general principles" in explaining why. *Newsweek* went so far as to label Reagan a "disengaged President" on the same page that it called him an "activist President." It failed to reconcile the two. →

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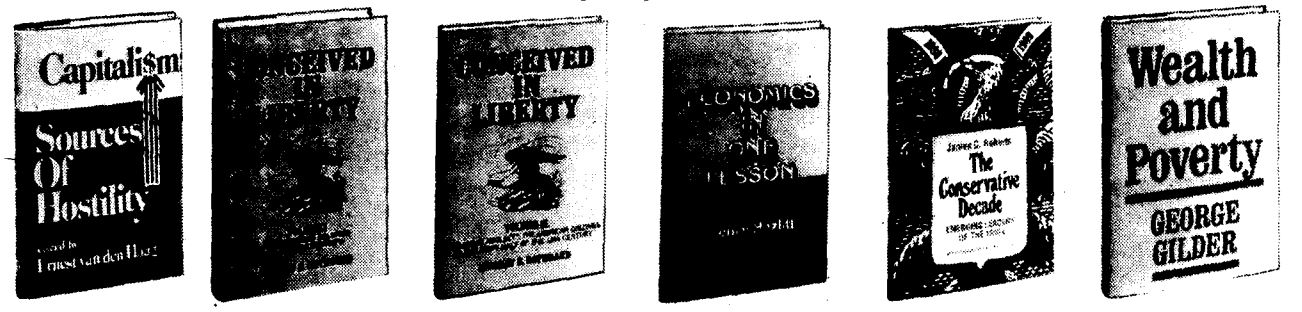

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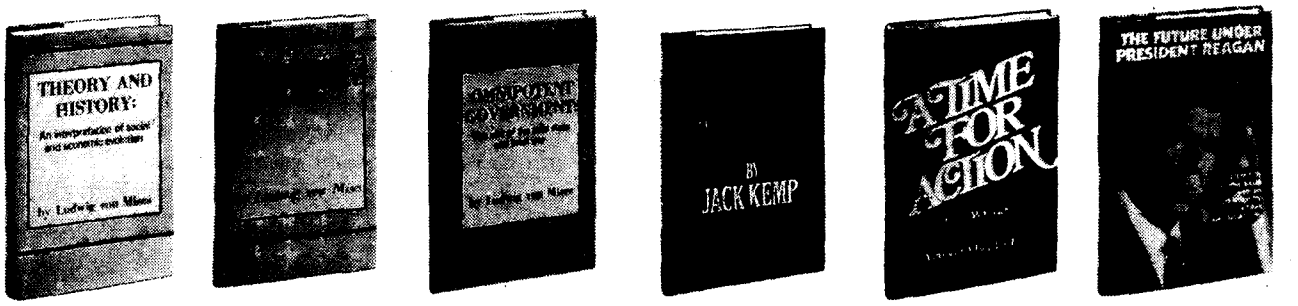

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The perception in the press of Reagan as "disengaged" from policymaking and a creature of his staff in reaching decisions has dogged him for years. It arose again during the transition, as Lee Lescaze of the *Washington Post* declared that Reagan "seems to be remote from the process of shaping his administration." Indeed, Evans and Novak expressed alarm over the appointments bestowed on non-conservatives. But they never doubted Reagan's "radical plans for transforming national policy" or the prospects for dramatic change. Shortly after the election, they wrote that Reagan, not "shackled" by a hairline victory, "faces unlimited possibilities with no need to embrace names and policies of a past more associated with failure than success." Most other journalists doubted this, downplaying the idea of a compelling Reagan mandate. (I fell in with this line of thinking, writing in the *Baltimore Sun* the day after the election that Reagan's victory "does not guarantee that much change will take place." On the contrary, I wrote, Reagan is "circumscribed" and his "ascendancy is unlikely to spawn the burst of executive activity . . . that followed Franklin D. Roosevelt's inauguration." Sure wish I hadn't written that.) As the transition wore on, there developed among the media a consensus that Reagan would do little of a radical nature. Hedrick Smith of the *New York Times* wrote that the administration's plan to "hit the ground running" was encountering obstacles. Robert G. Kaiser of the *Washington Post* said the "movement from campaign flourishes to more conventional utterances is well under way and shows every sign of continuing. This rhetorical adjustment appears to reinforce an impression created by the new president's Cabinet and first sub-Cabinet appointments—an impression of conventional instincts at work."

Wisely, Evans and Novak were scornful of this spate of reporting about the taming of Reagan. "That Reagan himself since the election has remained faithful to his political movement is not questioned by his own followers," they wrote after the inauguration. "Rather, it is political opponents and news commentators from the first hour of his election victory who have perceived that Reagan was about to abandon his ideology now that power beckoned and was embracing 'pragmatism.' It is mostly wishful thinking."

Wishful or not, it persisted, especially in regard to the tax cut. Last spring, the expectation in the press was that Reagan would compromise with congressional Democratic leaders like Dan Rostenkowski on a tax bill. "Like proud and coquettish students at a prom, each has been eyeing the other, hoping for an invitation to dance," *Time* wrote in late May. "Last week, with congressional Republicans acting as chaperons, they began edging toward one another in a series of private meetings . . . that laid the groundwork for a possible compromise tax bill." But at precisely the same time, Evans and Novak said that "unless Reagan amazes everybody by surrendering, he will again battle House Democratic leaders on the floor, with the odds heavily in favor of the President." A month earlier, in fact, they had predicted "a Republican triumph on the tax cut." How so? A "Hance-Conable" bill was in the works that would unite Republicans and Democratic boll weevils on a 25 percent tax cut whose effective date would be a little later than the July 1 pegged by Reagan. Of course, exactly such a bill emerged and passed, despite the fears of White House officials that it was doomed.

Quickly, the journalistic forces joined in the conclusion that the tax cut passed because Reagan is such a convincing television pitchman and genial armchair lobbyist. It was all politics, and nothing about the popularity of deep, permanent tax cuts slipped in. Reagan knew how to "focus his personal charm upon the lowly riflemen of politics"—congressmen—said Lou Cannon of the *Washington Post*. He is "a dedicated and serious politician who knows how to grasp the levers of power in the age of television." The *Post*'s Martin Schram added that Reagan "blended basic skills of mass communicating and one-on-one politicking and raised both to a state of high presidential art." Only Evans and Novak went to the substance of the tax issue. Reagan's "video virtuosity" spurred the tax victory, but at bottom it reflected "genuine popularity for deep, continuing tax reduction." Democratic defectors to the Reagan tax cut "were moved by unprecedented public demand" and "were reflecting the popular appeal of tax reduction."

Vindicated on the tax cut, Evans and Novak also proved to be uncanny in their warnings about Social Security reductions. A week after Reagan took office, they praised Stockman for rejecting the "conservative orthodoxy" and opposing "broad cutbacks in Social Security benefits. Politically, Stockman is seeking to protect the Republican Party from its incorrigible desire to throw widows and orphans to the wolves and thereby embellish a villainous reputation that has helped lose elections for a half-century. The new office of management and budget director is saying that there are methods less painful, both for Republicans and the old, to cut the budget."

Stockman found some of them, but not enough. Desperate to show financial markets the administration was serious about budget cutting, he turned to Social Security cuts. And what Evans and Novak had predicted occurred: a firestorm of public protest fueled by Democrats. "The Social Security fiasco follows a historical syndrome—Republicans seeking to alleviate national problems through pain and suffering, only to end up wounding themselves to the benefit of Democrats," they wrote after the White House retreated sheepishly from its Social Security proposal. "There is one further lesson that may be missed at the White House," they added. "While everybody there mourns political fallout, it may not be noticed that the latest exhibition of Republican masochism had no effect whatever on the bond traders it was intended to impress so profoundly."

Nor will a new round of budget cuts galvanize financial markets and drive down interest rates, Evans and Novak said. The answer is the gold standard. "Bringing down interest rates by permanently guaranteeing the value of the dollar, the gold standard would save at least $30 billion a year in federal debt service charges," they wrote. At any rate, gold is the ultimate issue dividing supply-siders and orthodox conservatives. The supply-siders want Reagan to act quickly in setting a deadline for restoring the gold standard. The orthodox conservatives scoff at the need for this. Without Evans and Novak, the highly visible national debate on gold would not have erupted. They spotted the gold issue months before anyone else and began proselytizing last summer for new gold adherents. One result was a spate of magazine and newspaper stories on reviving the gold standard. All the same, Evans and Novak will lose face if Reagan continues to ignore their pleas. But if, as the supply-siders insist, Reagan soon announces his interest in returning to the gold standard, Evans and Novak stand to be vindicated again. □

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MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE: A LIFE

Ian Hunter / Thomas Nelson, Inc. / $13.95

Byron Rogers

Ian Hunter intended this book to be a work of literary criticism. But in the writings of Malcolm Muggeridge all roads lead to Mr. Muggeridge: The book became a biography. Professor Hunter must be the first biographer who has ever had to flatten himself against the pictures as the life tenant breezed by, showing yet more tourists round himself.

In the year this book appears there has been on British television a series of programs, *Muggeridge Ancient and Modern,* an anthology of Mr. Muggeridge's television appearances; he himself at 78 supplied the linking commentaries, sitting in happy, writhing judgment on himself like a President of the Immortals. His diaries were recently published, and the third volume of his autobiography will soon be at the printer's.

Whatever else one can say about Ian Hunter, a professor of Law at the University of Western Ontario and author of *The Immigration Appeal Board of Canada* (Ottawa 1976), he is a brave man. Mr. Muggeridge has always been a sort of war front to himself. His biographer has thus to assume the position of a United Nations peace-keeping force.

Mr. Muggeridge is also a war front to his contemporaries. "A prize shit," reflected Evelyn Waugh in his diaries. A vicar in Berkshire once dreamt wistfully of blacking his eye. There have been, as Mr. Muggeridge says, many Malcolm Muggeridges, "all those selves, so different and so hideous."

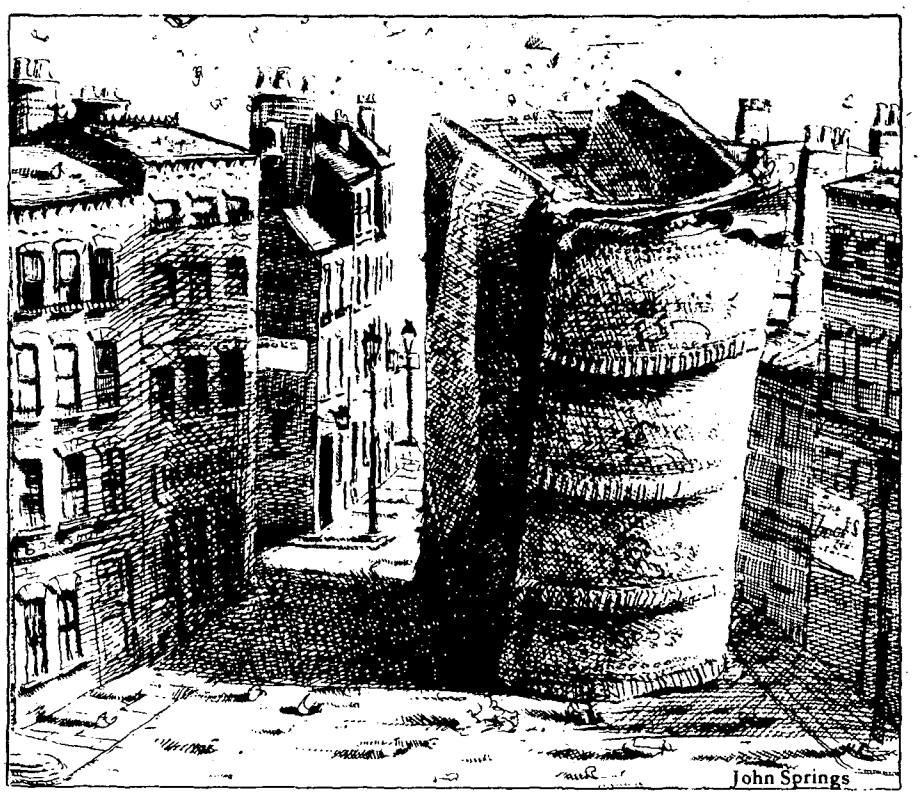
Had he died during the War, some might have mourned the author of some of the bleakest novels written in this century. Had he died in the middle fifties, many more would have remembered an embattled public figure. Had he died in the sixties, his reading public and I would have grieved over the passing of the greatest comic writer of his time. But he is now 78 and Professor Hunter's biography is an account of a spiritual pilgrimage: "His trek was to Emmaus, not Damascus, and only occasionally did he recognize the stranger who walked with him."

Some of his admirers will mourn the fact that Mr. Muggeridge got to Emmaus, wherever that is. He was so busy on the road, and so entertaining, one hoped no cars would stop for him. But to many, most of them outside Britain, Mr. Muggeridge is a prophet.

Byron Rogers is Welsh and living on his wits in London, sustained by Watney's and good prose.

This biography will only confuse those who have come into contact with him. As someone who worked with Muggeridge in MI6 during the War observed, "I remember him as something of a playboy. There were always women around, and booze. Great charm. I can't recognize this Christian chap on the box at all."

But one activity has been followed all his life. It reminds me of an image I came on once in a cook book and have never been able to get out of my mind: It is of an old lady in Calabria who was seen to bash out an entire and vast ox tripe against the basin of a public fountain. Mr. Muggeridge has always bashed himself, his career, and his beliefs against the twentieth century.



John Springs

He has been, as Nigel Dennis once remarked, its busiest double agent. And the twentieth century, like all infiltrated organizations, has showered employment on him, from the Mellins Baby Food Beauty Prize (which he won in 1903) to the editorship of *Punch*. He has met most of its great men (" 'I've heard of you,' the Viceroy said, a touch of grimness in his voice") and ransacked its utopias. He was there in the sunset of the British Raj, was in Moscow in the 1930s when that was a Brave New World to many of his contemporaries, was in Paris for the Liberation (his own part being the liberation of P.G. Wodehouse). As naturally as some come to edit their school magazines he was, with Kim Philby and Graham Greene, a member of the British Secret Service. "A ruling class on the run is capable of every folly," wrote Muggeridge gratefully: Kicking old employers in the teeth is another activity that has not changed.

But even a quick glance through Professor Hunter's narrative will leave you with the impression that whatever century he was born in, when Rome fell, when Luther nailed his treatises to the church door, there would have been Muggeridge buying Alaric a drink, talking much to his friends about Luther of an evening. ("Once a comedian, dear boy. Now a satyr.")

He was born in that featureless suburban sprawl south of London, into the working class (his upper class vowels, "his uniquely irritating accent," as the *Guardian* once put it, are of more fascination to his countrymen than his spiritual development: Mr. Muggeridge believes he acquired them at Cambridge by a sort of osmosis). His father, an office clerk and soap box opera, hoped to see his son a prominent figure in the Promised Land of his Socialism. He began well, marrying into the progressive equivalent of the Royal Family: His wife is a niece of Beatrice Webb, the Fabian. Mr. Muggeridge has written much of Mrs. Webb; he has made her into one of the great comic figures of the twentieth century.

Where Professor Hunter is most fascinating is where, in his capacity as UN observer, he gives his own account of events. So where Mr. Muggeridge claims to have been an outsider at Cambridge he prints letters showing him to have been happy enough, and adds a photograph of Muggeridge in the rowing eight.

It tends to reinforce a suspicion that it is impossible to get any accurate picture of Muggeridge from his autobiographies, where the old cynical Mugg pads through every paragraph beside his younger selves, jeering and pointing. "Truth, not facts, dear boy," as he once observed.

The young Muggeridge was indeed a remarkable figure. He taught at an Indian college, walked barefoot, learned to throw rice into his mouth, and tried to incite his pupils to rise against the British: His pupils seem to have found him a figure of great fun. But he took himself very seriously. Lust and rage danced attendance on his youth, and the novels and plays that lurched from his typewriter are among the bleakest ever written. →

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Professor Hunter gives an outline of *Autumnal Face*, written in 1931: A grandmother has a stroke when she comes on a young couple necking; the girl dies after catching flu on a Sunday School picnic; her room is taken by her crippled uncle who is then run over by a lorry; her father dies mad. There was also an extraordinary biography of Samuel Butler in which Muggeridge pursued him through every paragraph, holding him up, removing garment after garment. "What makes Muggeridge hate Samuel Butler so?" muttered one reviewer.

He was employed by the *Guardian* and attacked it in a novel that was withdrawn because of legal threats. He went to Moscow and wrote a book that became a bombshell in progressive circles. People, Beatrice Webb had approvingly confided in him, did disappear in Russia; if Stalin had had any interest in public relations he would certainly have made Muggeridge disappear.

In his autobiography he makes a great play of having sold his dinner jacket first. But, as Professor Hunter makes clear, he was disillusioned with Soviet Communism before going. It may just have been a very old dinner jacket but when the personality has become an art form details are immaterial.

Similarly with his attempted suicide in Lourenco Marques during the War. Professor Hunter is not entirely sure whether this took place (it is a great turning point in the autobiographies). He goes on to state something even more at odds with the Authorized Version: Muggeridge was an accomplished secret agent.

Then there were the mysterious postwar years about which Muggeridge has little to say, when his career in journalism flourished and he became deputy editor of the *Daily Telegraph* and editor of *Punch*. There was nothing unworldly about him at this stage. He wrote many polite book reviews, referring to Smuts on one occasion as "one of Cambridge's outstanding sons." This was the strangest Muggeridge of all.

But then came television, and he had his pulpit. There have always been elements of the ham in Muggeridge, as his biographer notes, and now it was Muggeridge *gloriosus*. "Should this man be allowed to get away with it?" chorused the newspapers. He was, regularly as autumn, voted the most hated man in Britain, and he stalked the great like a gunfighter. He wrote what was taken as an attack on the Royal Family (reading it now one is struck by how mild and sensible most of it is). Muggeridge had become the hit man of his time. In 1958 he attacked Field Marshal Montgomery, a friend ("Good," commented Monty); in 1961 he attacked Churchill and in 1965 Kennedy, the dead spring god. Then, in the mid sixties, he attacked the greatest totem of all, sex: He was now able to tell his reading public that it was a Bad Thing. "It is my King Charles's head," he once reflected fondly.

Into the clearing smoke of battle came the religious books. "Man bites God," wrote *Time* of his *Jesus Rediscovered*. "Weak on God and grace, but brilliantly funny on their adversaries, the world, the flesh, and the devil."

In a sense Muggeridge backed into faith, holding his nose in fascinated disgust. But to his Sussex cottage the pilgrims began to come. One man came from Scotland, claiming to be Jesus Christ. Visiting journalists are given lettuce and yogurt and taken on long walks, "with God always about somewhere, but tantalisingly never within reach," wrote a man from the *Guardian* (the paper has not forgiven Muggeridge).

It is a wonderful tale, and Professor Hunter tells it well, but there are strange gaps in the biography. What are his relations with his children like, and with his brothers? And what does Mrs. Muggeridge make of it all? Her biography would tell one a great deal more about her husband than this book.

What are we left with in the end? Professor Hunter dismisses Muggeridge's collection of essays, *The Most of Muggeridge,* published in 1966, as anaemic. But on these, surely, his reputation will rest. They are based on his journalism and are mainly profiles of the great: Lord Beaverbrook writing about his Savior ("The Crucifixion was a setback, certainly, but the Resurrection more than compensated for it"); Frank Harris, reflecting that while Christ might have gone deeper, he, Harris, had a wider experience of life. It is great comic writing: The essays are the equivalent in prose of the caricatures of Max Beerbohm.

As soon as you say this a lot seems to fall into place. Muggeridge himself is, quite simply, the greatest comic character of the century. There is the young Mugg taking a rickshaw on his arrival in India, dismounting when he sees the sweat spreading across the man's shoulders, walking beside the rickshaw, then quarrelling bitterly over the fare. There is the tormented writer of fiction, the secret agent making invisible ink out of bird droppings, the TV pundit, even—once—the film star. And now there is the prophet.

The picture on the cover is by courtesy of the Evangelical Broadcasting Company of Holland: It is a lovely touch that will delight his old friends. The expression is much the same as it was when he won the Mellins Baby Beauty Prize. Mr. Muggeridge has always regarded the world with great interest, which is why one wonders how he is getting on in Emmaus.

No writer of fiction would have dared invent such a character. □

DEAN RUSK

Warren I. Cohen / Cooper Square Publishers / $19.50

Alonzo L. Hamby

The career of Dean Rusk is among the most unhappy odysseys in contemporary American history. A widely respected public servant when he took office as secretary of state in 1961, Rusk was a pariah at his departure in 1969, physically and financially exhausted, scorned by a cultural elite that once praised his appointment, and condemned to exile at the University of Georgia. Even after he became the recipient of widespread outrage and some unnecessary personal vilification, most observers were willing to admit that he was a decent man who had labored tirelessly in one of the most demanding of American public positions. Nonetheless, he had been mortally wounded by his earnest, consistent defense of American involvement in Vietnam, a sin that in the eyes of his critics went well beyond simple mistaken judgment and amounted to a moral defect. Warren Cohen, Professor of History at Michigan State University, is one of those critics, but he is largely successful in suppressing his emotions and developing an image of a man far more complex and admirable than Rusk's vehement detractors would have us believe.

The defects of this book are for the most part inherent in its format. A volume in *The American Secretaries of State and Their Diplomacy* series—a venerable, if not venerated, institution long inflicted upon graduate students in American history—it labors under the nearly insuperable burden of having to provide a blow-by-blow account of every issue that Rusk faced as a cabinet officer. Cohen manages about as well as one could expect. He deftly places Rusk within the larger context of foreign-policy making during the 1960s, and arrives at a balanced estimate of the man and his significance. This is one of the best books in a decidedly mixed group.

Rusk's early life was a Horatio Alger story. Born to extreme poverty in rural Georgia, he worked his way through Davidson College, became a Rhodes Scholar, and was dean of the faculty at Mills College before his thirtieth birthday. An army reserve captain called to active duty in World War II, he rapidly became an important staff officer in the Far Eastern Theatre, then a member of an elite Pentagon political-military affairs planning staff. Presented with opportunities in the Army and State Departments after the war, he selected State; in March, 1947, he joined the department as director of the Office of Special Political Affairs, succeeding Alger Hiss.

During the next six years, he established himself as a valuable senior official, working with George Marshall, Dean Acheson, George Kennan, and other towering figures in what was probably the greatest epoch in the State Department's history. In his original post and in subsequent assignments as deputy undersecretary and assistant secretary for far eastern affairs, he came into contact with about every major international problem of the postwar world. In the process, he won recognition as a practical policy-maker, a shrewd judge of political tendencies, and an excellent communicator. Liked and respected by

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Alonzo L. Hamby is chairman of the Department of History at Ohio University.

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important congressmen, he was also highly persuasive as an expositor of administration policy before business, professional, and intellectual groups.

Appointed president of the Rockefeller Foundation at the end of 1951, Rusk performed effectively for nearly a decade at the head of a major philanthropic institution that enjoyed the special esteem of the nation's social and cultural elite. Liberal-minded and possessing a special concern for non-European peoples, he worked hard to start programs for what was then generally called "the underdeveloped world." From time to time, he also wrote sensible articles on American foreign policy and, in particular, on the role of the secretary of state.

After John F. Kennedy's election as president, Rusk was on everyone's short list for the senior cabinet position. He appears to have come out on top largely because, unlike the other contenders, he possessed no visible liabilities. The liberal community praised his appointment. Richard Rovere, in a famous tongue-in-cheek article, proclaimed him the chairman of the American Establishment. Perhaps no man of consequence had come into the office with so much acclaim and so few enemies.

The decline of Rusk's reputation, of course, can be traced to one source and one alone—Vietnam, possibly the most prolific wrecker of reputations in American history. It is not that Rusk would otherwise be remembered as a great secretary of state. He was too gray a presence for that, never quite able to establish dominance over the vast bureaucracy he headed, more prone in policy-making conferences to summarize options than to advocate firm policy courses. John Kennedy and those around him seem to have been perpetually irked by the glacial pace of the Foggy Bottom careerists and by Rusk's inability to develop a sharper definition of his role. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. has described the Secretary, a bit cruelly but probably fairly, as a "Buddha-like" figure among more decisive men.

Rather like Cyrus Vance in the Carter administration, Rusk was better equipped to be chief of staff or a trouble-shooter for a more vigorous personality than to be the nation's chief diplomatist. Withal, he was a tolerant, humane individual who worked at an exhausting pace and truly offended no one. If not for the American misadventure in Southeast Asia, he surely would be remembered as a devoted servant of the Republic, securely placed among the better individuals who had held his position. It is necessary for the historian to explain the processes by which Rusk remained committed to a military and foreign policy disaster right down to the bitter end. Cohen's explanations are both provocative and persuasive, suggesting as they do that Rusk's failures were products of his virtues.

However one felt about Vietnam at the time of initial American intervention, it is hard to deny in retrospect that the episode was a miscalculation of tragic proportions. One may agree that the ideal of an independent South Vietnam with a chance to develop free institutions amounted to a "noble objective." Still, as it was fought, the war was unwinnable. Racially alien American troops, engaging in relocation programs, employing massive firepower indiscriminately, knowing nothing of the culture they had invaded, utterly incapable of distinguishing friend from foe among the natives, had no chance of "winning the minds and hearts of the people," or more modestly, of overcoming the enemy in guerrilla combat operations. Only South Vietnamese soldiers could

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ferret out Vietcong irregulars; Americans who attempted the task wreaked havoc upon the people whose rights they were supposed to be defending and left themselves open to charges of brutal imperialism.

The only other way to win the war, bombing North Vietnam "back to the Stone Age," was never seriously considered. The nation, it is true, had not hesitated to employ the tactic against Germany and Japan in World War II; but both geopolitical considerations and the ambiguity of the cause in Vietnam made the devastation of the North all but unthinkable. The indecisive, nearly endless character of the war and the fuzzy nature of the enemy's challenge gave birth to an antiwar movement unlike any the United States had experienced for a century. The Americanization of Vietnam became the Vietnamization of America. Through it all, right down to the day he left office, Dean Rusk became increasingly the war's most vociferous defender. Cohen's analysis of this political self-immolation touches on Rusk's personality and his larger intellectual frame of reference.

In a manner consistent with his definition of the role of a cabinet official, the Secretary felt compelled to be a team player, loyal to the president and his policies, particularly to his second chief, Lyndon Johnson. For all their differences in style, Rusk and Johnson shared the common experience of having been poor Southern boys who had made good in the world through hard effort. They understood and respected each other. Johnson valued Rusk's advice and did not backbite him, as had the Kennedys; Rusk, for his part, suppressed numerous misgivings, supported LBJ down the line, and made none of the customary Washington efforts to disassociate himself from a losing cause.

He was also motivated by more fundamental impulses. From the beginning, Rusk had doubts about the large-scale use of American troops and the naive faith placed in a relatively limited bombing campaign; he overrode these doubts because his life had prepared him to believe that the war was an unpleasant necessity. Like many men of his generation, he was profoundly affected by the appeasement of the 1930s. Totalitarian aggression had to be stopped; a replay of Munich would propel the human race toward World War III. His interest in the Third World, moreover, had long prompted him to reject the European-centered viewpoints of such analysts as George Kennan, Dean Acheson, and George Ball. To his mind, the lessons of Munich applied as equally to South Vietnam as to the *Sudetenland*. He recognized the unsavory, authoritarian character of the South Vietnamese government, but he was persuaded that with American support it could in time become democratic. A totalitarian Communist regime would foreclose that option forever. At bottom, Cohen argues, Rusk was a liberal universalist convinced that it was possible and desirable to spread the blessings of the American system over the globe. It was this universalism, he concludes, that led us into the Vietnam disaster, and Dean Rusk was hardly its sole proponent.

There is much to be said for this analysis. Rusk and many others in the Johnson administration were indeed myopic in confusing Ho Chi Minh with Hitler. (Numerous leaders of the antiwar movement, of course, made an equally egregious error in mistaking Ho for George Washington.) Rusk was also wrong in not taking the Europeanists more seriously. They argued not simple prejudices but rather the central ques-

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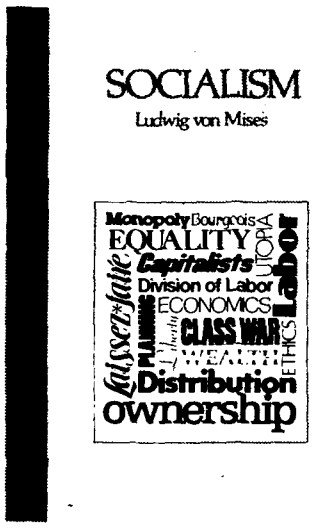

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tions of any foreign policy—the national interest and the means to secure its advancement. Europe was, and remains, critically important to the United States in hard-nosed ways that far transcend cultural affinity; Indochina was significant geopolitically, but hardly worth an open-ended commitment. Rusk appears to have been unable to make such a distinction. Cohen leaves one feeling that he took John Kennedy's rhetoric about paying any price and bearing any burden far more literally than Kennedy himself. This is a damning commentary, not on the man's character, but on his intellectual qualifications to manage a foreign policy in a complicated world.

One may question whether Rusk's failure was simply a failure of liberalism; indeed, a fair number of conservative universalists seem to be among us. It is undeniable, however, that he and the other people who led us into Vietnam were liberal-minded individuals who thought they were following a moral imperative. It is equally irrefutable that we were slowly but surely led out of the morass by a conservative administration adhering rather consciously to maxims of *Realpolitik*. What matters most, however, is less a diplomat's liberalism or conservatism than an understanding that his art requires the pursuit of a national interest that transcends ideology. Rusk, one feels, never quite achieved that understanding. Consequently, he never acted on its corollary—that his mission required the management of limited options in an imperfect world. Ultimately, it was this failure that made his secretaryship so unsuccessful. □

NEVER COMPLAIN, NEVER EXPLAIN:
THE STORY OF HENRY FORD II
Victor Lasky / Richard Marek Publishers / $13.95

Vic Gold

Vic Lasky, that old *bête droit* of liberal demonology, is at it again. Having earned his niche as the biographer left-wing mythologists love to hate, the man who first debunked Camelot, punctured Arthur Goldberg's stuffed shirt, applied the *coup de grâce* to the crumbling mystique of Jimmy Carter's populism, and had the *chutzpah* to point out that imperial skulduggery at the White House antedated Richard Nixon, has now turned his attention to one of the Great Society's most avid capitalist supporters, the third-generation rich boy who once confided that he arranged his life "so that nobody will ever know anything about me, or as little as possible."

That Lyndon Johnson's friend Henry Ford II shared that confidence with Barbara Walters and an audience of millions on ABC's "World News Tonight" only begins to tell us of the man's unique perception of himself as one of God's, or as the case may be, Our Ford's, Chosen People. It is enough to say that a multi-billionaire who truly desires the reclusive life has little trouble achieving that aim. But as we learn from this revealing biography—and from stories making the New York-Washington rounds concerning the subject's efforts to stifle it prior to publication—what Henry Ford II desires isn't secrecy. It's that, like LBJ, his favorite president, he alone be the arbiter of what the world will know about him. Not an unreasonable desire for a private man, nor even for a private multi-billionaire. But as Lasky makes clear, Henry Ford II, from the time he hired one of the country's leading public relations agents to develop his image as a statesman-of-industry in the early 1940s, has always been a public man, a heavy-handed wielder of power and influence whose reach extends far beyond the automotive empire he inherited.

One of the rewards of reading a Vic Lasky biography is that the author reacquaints us with our recent past. In an era of instant history and instant forgetfulness, this is no small reward. Indeed, the very technique liberal critics fault in Lasky's books—that he ferrets out contemporary newspaper and magazine accounts and columns to establish his thesis—

Vic Gold, author of PR as in President, *lives in Washington.*

Who reads The American Spectator?

Milton Friedman

ALSO: Ronald Reagan, Malcolm Muggeridge, Ben Wattenberg, Peregrine Worsthorne, S.I. Hayakawa, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Henry Kissinger, Clayton Fritchey, John S. Lynn, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Midge Decter, James Q. Wilson, David Brinkley, Woody Allen, Joseph Coors, Irving Kristol, Henry Fairlie, Alan Abelson, Charlton Heston, Senator Jake Garn, Gertrude Himmelfarb, James Hitchcock, Gen. Alexander Haig, Tom Wolfe, James Jackson Kilpatrick, George Gilder, Jack Paar, Donald H. Rumsfeld, George Will, J. Peter Grace, Maj. Gen. George S. Patton, III, Fred Iklé, Philip Crane, George W. Ball, Tom Stoppard, William F. Buckley, Jr., Patrick Buchanan, Albert Shanker, Lewis Lapham, Rowland Evans, Robert Novak, Jude Wanniski, Jack Kemp, William Rusher, Richard M. Nixon, William E. Simon, Malcolm S. Forbes, Jr., Thomas J. Lescher, Norman Mailer, Clare Boothe Luce, Gerald R. Ford, Melvin Lasky, Nelson Polsby, Roger Milliken, Randolph Richardson, Thomas Sowell, Sidney Hook, Jim Fallows, Edith Efron, Gen. A.C. Wedemeyer, James L. Buckley, Elliott Abrams, Lewis Lehrman, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., Shmuel Moyal, Huntington Cairns, Eric Hoffer, Anne Armstrong, Norman Podhoretz, Jeff MacNelly, Doris Grumbach, Ernest van den Haag, Paul McCracken, Brock Yates, Ray Price, James Wechsler, James Glassman, John Roche, John Chamberlain, William Safire, Neal Kozodoy, Henry Salvatori, David Meiselman, Martin Peretz, Charles Horner, Edward Banfield, Victor Lasky, Raymond Aron, Roy Cohn, Joseph Hazan, Eugene V. Rostow, Michael Novak, Richard Perle, Hugh Kenner, Frank Shakespeare, William Proxmire, Patrick Cosgrave, Jean-François Revel, Luigi Barzini, Tom Charles Huston, Clay La Force, Fred Silverman, John Lofton, Larry Flynt, M. Stanton Evans, Dana Andrews, Richard Whalen, Richard Lugar, Henry Regnery, Charles Peters, John Lukacs, Leonard Garment, Michael Kinsley, Tom Winter, Nathan Glazer, Alan Reynolds, Antonio Martino, Colin Welch, Robert Bleiberg, Herb Stein, Roger Starr, Walter Goodman, Harry Jaffa, Jeffrey Hart, David Packard, Robert Nisbet, James R. Schlesinger, Thomas Murphy, Suzanne Garment, Roger Rosenblatt, Anthony Harrigan, Robert L. Bartley, David Stockman, Richard Allen, Ernest Lefever, Sen. Paul Laxalt, Joseph A. Califano, Garry Trudeau, and many others.

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is the perfect antidote to the sort of crisis-to-crisis revisionism one finds in the histories of our time written by such leading public relations agents as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. and James MacGregor Burns—not to forget Barbara Walters and her fellow slick-and-shine trendies in the news media.

Lasky's demolition of the myth of Camelot was all the more infuriating to the image-makers because the author of *JFK: The Man and the Myth* dug up Kennedy's own words as a congressman and a senator to raise doubts about JFK's credentials as a liberal saint. It was even worse when he cited—by news account, page, and date—the trendies' own critical comments about Kennedy's record and his pre-1960 qualifications for the presidency. To remind Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. that, before being starstruck on the road to Los Angeles, he worshiped at the temple of Adlai Stevenson and ridiculed Kennedy as an opportunist—that's hitting a man low. It was the same with Lasky's post-Watergate book: To go into the stacks and dig out accounts of FDR's imperial abuse of power and of the shady tricks practiced by JFK and LBJ prior to the Nixon Reign of Terror—that is the foul technique, as the *Times*'s critic was quick to point out, of a literary hit man.

So, too, with Henry Ford II, the playboy (now grown to playelder) who would be remembered in history as American industry's pioneer statesman, opening new frontiers of civic responsibility and social consciousness for twentieth-century capitalism. Once again, Lasky has gone to the stacks, delved into the records, but more: He has sought out those who not only know the Ford behind the public relations chrome but, for their own reasons, are willing, even eager, to render eye- and ear-witness accounts of his battles with his business associates, stockholders, wives, and family members.

The result is a biographical bull's eye, as fascinating in its revelations regarding the mythology of Detroit and the ego-magnetic auto industry as Lasky's previous books were in dealing with Washington and the libido-driven political industry. For those who like gossip of the broad-gauge historical variety, the book is a trove: Here are young Henry the Second, outgoing Ford Motor Company president Harry Bennett, and Henry's aide, John Bugas, all packing rods, not because of labor-management problems, but in the heat of a stockholder fight that would result in Bennett's being pushed out to make room for the future statesman-of-industry; there is Henry, recipient of a laudatory letter from the Americans for Democratic Action for proposing "a lasting contribution to the unity of the free world," privately calling Charles Revson, the cosmetics czar, "Le Beau Kike" because of Revson's attentions to Ford's separated wife, Cristina; or Henry again, arrested for driving under the influence while in California, dismissing the incident with the four-word axiom that encapsulates his life's mode and gives this book its title.

But behind these revealing glimpses, the plumbline that runs throughout the story of Henry Ford II is that of a man born, as George Bernard Shaw once wrote of the dynastic heirs of another generation, with too much of the world's money and too little of its brains. A failure in private life, ultimately a failure in running the business formed, indeed invented, by his grandfather and nurtured by his father Edsel, Henry the Second would seem to be living, breathing evidence of the shortcomings of public relations and image-making. There is, it would seem, just so much even the most resourceful PR-man can do with a cross between Charles Foster Kane and Mad Ludwig. □

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Alan L. Miller

I stood amidst the thousands milling around Faneuil Hall on that afternoon in 1979, expecting to experience a moment of history. The Kennedy campaign choreography was executed with an assurance that comes with years of practice. The candidate's appearance was preceded by a procession of relatives and confidants whose entrances bespoke their celebrity. They strode through the heavily cordoned walkway while the crowd buzzed with mounting anticipation. A girl to my left sighed; a drunk on my right belched. Finally, there was the senator with wife Joan. They were propelled by a phalanx of secret service men and the euphoria of the

Alan L. Miller is an editorial writer for the Detroit News. *His reviews have appeared in* National Review, *the* New Republic, *and the* Christian Science Monitor.

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celebrants—one of whom penetrated the flying wedge to press a rose into the candidate's hand. The moment was indelible for it was my first visit to Boston and Edward Kennedy's last hurrah. Yet at the time I was certain that he was to be the Democratic presidential nominee.

Such was the ephemeral nature of Campaign '80. And if Jack Germond and Jules Witcover haven't written the best account of that election year, they have certainly captured its essence in their clever title.

Election retrospections have several strikes against them from the outset. Since Teddy White cornered the market twenty years ago, most other efforts have seemed pale facsimiles. And because everyone knows the ending, these political sagas have the soggy impact of yesterday's newspaper. Yet we are drawn to them to verify our sense of history and because we are fascinated by the crucible of power. Victory favors but one. The loser becomes a trophy in another man's career—a mere historical footnote.

The authors, whose combined journalistic experience totals sixty-three years, are two of the best in the business. Their acute analysis underscores the paradox of political insiders being upstaged by a congenial California gentleman who specializes in being underestimated by his electoral opponents.

From the start Ronald Reagan seemed more a curiosity than a campaign presence. When he stumbled in the Iowa caucuses, the media were quick to concentrate upon his Republican challengers. But as the authors remind us, there was little question Governor Reagan would capture his party's nomination when the GOP assembled for its July convention in Detroit. The ease with which he dispatched his primary contenders was but a prelude to the November deluge when the Reagan juggernaut inundated Jimmy Carter and the Democratic Party.

It is fashionable to credit Mr. Reagan's stunning victory to the ineptitude of the Carter presidency and to the Democrats' own bloodletting that culminated in their tepid New York City convention. The authors, however, concentrate upon the Reagan campaign organization that was carefully calibrated to take advantage of every situation. While the Democrats were self-destructing throughout the primaries and the presidential contest, the Reagan campaign kept gaining momentum by turning momentary misfortunes into advantages. Whether it was George Bush being ambushed on a high school stage in Nashua, New Hampshire, John Anderson sputtering platitudes during the non-debate in Baltimore, or President Carter shrinking behind a podium in Cleveland, it was obvious that no one could match either Mr. Reagan's *persona* or his unfailing instinct for tapping the national discontent.

To many pundits, Ronald Reagan was an innocent abroad—a nice guy who possessed neither the savvy nor the stamina for a sustained campaign. Germond and Witcover reveal, instead, a man with a keen sense of political sophistication.

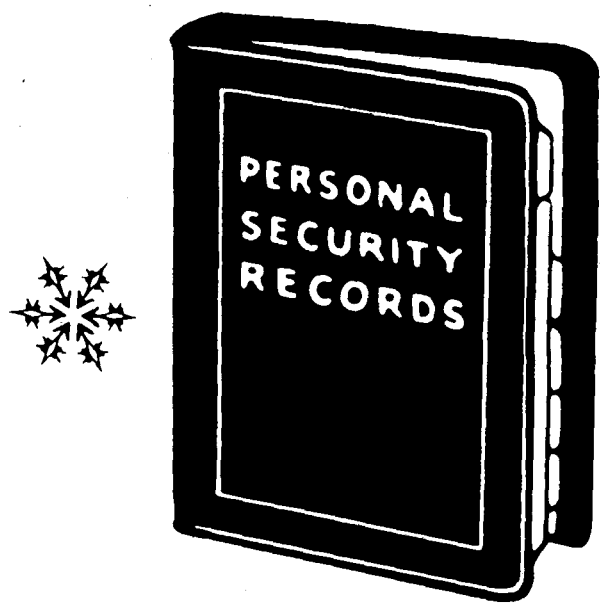
The Iowa setback is a case in point. It would have been expedient to cashier campaign manager John Sears in the wake of that embarrassing defeat. According to our authors, Sears had already proved to be a campaign liability. He was unwilling to cooperate with Governor Reagan's confidants and had an unnerving habit of patronizing the candidate. Yet Mr. Reagan waited until the New Hampshire primary victory to unload Sears and then bring Stuart Spencer aboard a campaign that was clearly back on track. The manner in which Sears was dismissed is a study in political pragmatism.

So too was the resolution of the vice presidential melee in Detroit. Germond and Witcover contrast Reagan's subtle overtures to Gerald Ford against the frenzied television coverage that saw Walter Cronkite launching a "co-presidency," while Barbara Walters made a fool of herself grovelling for an exclusive interview with Mr. Ford after his CBS "summit" with Walter. When the smoke finally cleared in Detroit, the "dream ticket" was quite unnecessary. Mr. Reagan's cultivation of Ford healed the 1976 rift, steadied the party for the coming campaign, and demonstrated a candidate clearly in control.

By comparison, Jimmy Carter's renomination was highlighted by: a squeaky acceptance speech during which he honored Senator Humphrey's memory by ridiculing his name; an awkward attempt to keep the convention delegates applauding for twenty minutes after his forgettable speech while everyone wondered where in the hell Kennedy was; and finally, the pathetic sight of the president following the Massachusetts senator around the stage like a lost puppy.

The campaign was anti-climactic and the authors are unable to build toward a suspenseful ending simply because there was none. For a fleeting moment it appeared that Jimmy Carter might pull the hostages out of Iran for an eleventh-hour comeback. But the Reagan strategists had that base covered as well. Media cynicism over the president's selective use of the hostage crisis as a defense against Kennedy's challenge during the primaries allowed the Reagan campaign to condition the electorate for an "October surprise." The Carter people were so defensive about appearing duplicitous that when word finally came from Tehran on Sunday afternoon, the president scrupulously avoided waiting until evening, opting instead to interrupt the football games to announce that the release was imminent. By then the voters were convinced that the job was too big for him and they turned in record numbers to the Republican Party.

Blue Smoke & Mirrors is not definitive history but it is a fascinating narrative. The Democrats won't enjoy the book because it highlights their foibles. But then they didn't care for the election returns, either. □



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ON BEHALF OF HADLEY ARKES AND LESLIE GELB

I am seldom moved to respond to reviews of books, even reviews of my own books. Thoughtful persons know that important works can only be judged in their fullness and that unimportant ones needn't be reviewed at all. For me, then, the chief function of such essays is to alert me to the level of understanding attained by the reviewer as he discusses a work I have found fit for study. In the November issue of *The American Spectator*, Edward Banfield displays his understanding of Hadley Arkes's *The Philosopher in the City*, a book of genuine significance, and records so clear and so alarming a set of misapprehensions as to summon this reply. However, since Mr. Banfield's comments never rise to the level of a critical review, perhaps it is not out of place for me to apprise *Spectator* readers of the actual aims and general character of the book.

I shall comment only briefly on Mr. Arkes's "style" as a writer, although Mr. Banfield devotes much space and passion to it. *The Philosopher in the City* is intended to establish the moral boundaries within which justifiable political actions occur. The writing is never "pretentious," though it is elegant, and the only "gibberish" associated with it is what Mr. Banfield has had to say about it. The thesis Mr. Arkes defends no longer commands the loyalty it once enjoyed and so he must be very careful in arranging arguments in its behalf. Mr. Banfield seems to think that this care is merely ritualistic. "I am aware," he says, "that many people think this is the way academic books should be written." What Mr. Banfield apparently is not aware of is that this is the way significant issues must be analyzed, and that "academic books" are written as they are because of the requirements imposed on them by consequential issues. Having written quite a number of "academic books" myself, and as one who reads and contributes to the major journals in philosophy, I can only admire Mr. Arkes for his ability to make such issues accessible to a general audience. To create the illusion that the book is "pretentious," Mr. Banfield indulges in the sorts of lexical gymnastics that gave the Medieval grammarians such bad reputations. Yet, unlike the Scholastics, Mr. Banfield does not celebrate but violates logic in his playful and pointless parsings. He chastises Mr. Arkes for the expression, "inescapably implies," and asks, ". . . are some implications escapable?" Yes, Mr. Banfield, some implications are escapable and some are called the *as-of-now material implications* (*consequentiae ut nunc*). Thus Mr. Arkes employs the correct and informing adverb where he wishes to note the formal implications of his argument, and Mr. Banfield employs "gibberish" where he would have readers respect his lexical purity.

The Philosopher in the City examines a wide range of contemporary political issues and problems. Mr. Arkes cautiously explores the assets and liabilities resulting from purely pragmatic and "utilitarian" approaches to these, and leads the reader to an appreciation of how such approaches nearly invariably result in contradictions or counter-intuitive consequences. He proceeds to defend, in quasi-Kantian terms, an alternative approach grounded in a rational analysis of competing moral claims. Through this analysis it becomes clear that even the most prosaic and sentimental objectives of government—such as Mr. Banfield's search for ". . . the terms on which we can live together in society"—proceed from a *moral* point of view. Once the reader respects the sense in which all significant legislation reflects the quest for justifications, it is only a small step to the recognition that much recent law stands in contradictory relation to its own justificatory language. A principle, for example, that declares the murder of a non-threatening human being to be wrong cannot be the *same* principle that allows genocide or infanticide once it is shown that the intended victims are in fact non-threatening human beings. Thus, when Mr. Arkes refers to the *necessary* conclusions yielded by an analysis of justifications, he is simply acknowledging the syllogistic character of the analysis. I might note that it is in just this sense that John Locke—scarcely a Kantian!—recognized the *axiomatic* status of moral reasoning and described it as a kind of geometry.

I leave it to readers of *The Philosopher in the City*—and there should be many—to determine Mr. Arkes's success in his explorations of today's highly charged social issues. He is, of course, and *contra* Mr. Banfield, quite right in noting that neither the logical form nor the major premises of moral arguments are in any way affected by the merely contingent facts gathered by "social scientists." If it can be shown that "X" is categorically wrong and that "Y" is an instance of "X," then "Y" remains wrong no matter what its consequences. It will not do, as Mr. Banfield tries to do, to declare that there are no categorical imperatives. It is necessary to show how Mr. Arkes has gone wrong in arguing that there are and then—and here's the trick—to show that if he is wrong we can still find reasons for our system of justice, for our very idea of justice. When Mr. Banfield raises the flag of Utilitarianism, he can only expect a salute from the "policy-maker," for the political philosopher's allegiance is commanded by higher things. Note, by the way, that if it were the case that a given truth could only produce a net increase in the world's suffering it would be necessary on utilitarian grounds to withhold or deny that truth. This is just one reason why seekers after truth must forego the popular enthusiasm for Mr. Banfield's version of consequentialism which can only assess prostitution in terms of its public effects. I should say, however, that prostitution, on which Mr. Banfield dwells at a length as wearying as it is surprising, is introduced by Mr. Arkes as one of a number of hard cases; cases made hard precisely because they must be understood in the language and within the context of a constitutional order that respects liberty. Far more attention is given to legislation affecting housing, public education, free speech, and "affirmative action." In each instance, Mr. Arkes presents the implict—and often the explicit—moral terms adopted by legislators and jurists in framing the reasons behind their actions. And in each instance we discover any number of *formal* inconsistencies between juridical dispositions and moral justifications. Juggled in the tense and often spastic hands of public opinion, the most fundamental precepts of a just state are reshaped into mere "policies." The very concept of justice is thereby traduced into an enlarged parlor-game which holds wisdom and prudence as hostages to clever hacks.

It is merely unfortunate that Mr. Banfield failed to understand the book. But it is alarming to discover the sources of his incomprehension. He notes, for example, that Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas disagree on such matters as slavery, abortion, prostitution, etc., and concludes from this that, "Moral principles turn out to be a good deal less knowable and certain than Mr. Arkes began by saying." It appears to be Mr. Banfield's thesis that unless every axiom of a science is known at precisely the same time, none of the axioms is knowable or certain. In Euclid's geometry parallel lines never converge; in Riemann's geometry, parallel lines are great circles which intersect at two loci. Banfield's conclusion: The axioms of geometry are neither certain nor knowable.

Tied to this logical "howler" is a vexation Mr. Banfield endures at the hands of the concept of *necessity*. It is a concept that figures in Mr. Arkes's analysis in two different ways, neither of which seems to be grasped by Mr. Banfield. There is first what Aristotle was first to call *hypothetical necessity* (necessary on a hypothesis) such that, if I *must* be in New York by 5:00 p.m. *necessarily* I must leave Washington before 4:55 p.m. And then there is the well-known *necessary* relation (the *logical* necessity) joining true premises and a true conclusion. Thus, if the law is to hold me responsible for what I do, then *necessarily* I must be viewed as free in my actions. Thus, too, does the very idea of law *entail* a moral being.

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Mr. Banfield concludes his polemic with a claim which, if true, would raise the most serious doubts as to the need for the discipline he teaches. He tells us that ". . . a politician . . . must act generally in an unprincipled or even wrong way if he is to perform his indispensable function of finding the terms on which we can live together in society." Accordingly, the politician's mission may call for him to find a masochist to match up with each sadist in society; a loose cat for every citizen who happies himself with the torture of animals. It is this reasoning that *The Philosopher in the City* refutes and seeks to replace. But even Mr. Arkes's formidable talents cannot yield success until those of us who are repulsed by the cloudy effluents in the Potomac recognize that some of them originate in the Charles.

—Daniel N. Robinson
Professor of Psychology
Georgetown University
Washington, D.C.

Professor Edward C. Banfield is the greatest urban scholar of his generation. *The Unheavenly City* is a classic, to be treasured and to be read and to be re-read. I do not think, however, that Professor Banfield has taken counsel of his wisdom in his review (*The American Spectator*, November 1981) of *The Philosopher in the City: The Moral Dimensions of Urban Politics*, by Hadley Arkes.

Professor Banfield declares his "main complaint" against Professor Arkes to be that he "does not recognize the difference between philosophy and politics." In saying this, however, he simply assumes the discreteness of the two, a discreteness denied by the very idea of *political philosophy*, the enterprise founded—according to Cicero and Leo Strauss—by Socrates. Equally important, Banfield here denies the legitimacy of the enterprise of the American Founding, in which politicians were guided every step of the way by "the laws of Nature and of Nature's God." These laws were the discovery of political philosophers.

According to Banfield, Arkes is mistaken in saying that "it may indeed be only the philosopher who is capable of addressing, at their root, the practical questions of public policy in the city." Banfield declares quite categorically—as if it were a self-evident truth—that this is something that cannot be done. A "question is practical," Banfield says, "precisely because there is no principle by which it may be coped with, let alone solved." As Winston Churchill might have said, this is an assertion up with which political philosophy cannot put.

The heart of all the practical problems with which Professor Arkes's book so lucidly deals—riots in the cities, defamation of groups, discrimination in schools and in housing, the uses of the police power in relation to morals—involves the question of what is or ought to be meant by "the equal protection of the laws." But what constitutes the equality which is to be protected is no less a moral and metaphysical question than it is a legal and practical question.

Abraham Lincoln called the proposition that all men are created equal the "father of all moral principle among us." He said that men and women might differ in many respects, and yet be equal in relationship to certain fundamental rights. A black woman, he said, might be unequal in many ways to a certain United States Senator. But in the right to put into her mouth the bread that her own hand had earned, she was the equal of the Senator, or of anyone else on God's earth. For this reason slavery, which denied her right to put that bread into her mouth except with the leave of someone else—someone who had not earned that bread—was morally wrong. According to Lincoln, this moral judgment on slavery could not control public policy in every respect. But no policy with respect to slavery could be right, which did not rest upon the premise that slavery was morally wrong. Moral judgment was a *necessary*, although not a *sufficient*, condition for public policy. The sufficient condition requires prudence *and* morality. But prudence without morality is like a game without rules. This is Professor Arkes's basic argument, and he is right. His book demonstrates that in great measure public policy today—notably in the cities—is faced with questions that are little but variations of those that Lincoln faced in his lifetime. Racial discrimination, whether in schools, housing, or employment, is wrong, for precisely the same reason that slavery was wrong. To discriminate among human beings—in speech or in deed—not because of their intelligence, ability, virtue, or work, but because of the color of their skin, is wrong. It is objectively wrong, hence morally and metaphysically wrong.

To know the principles of right and wrong, and to develop the ground of such principles, is the province of political philosophy. Politicians should be instructed by such understanding. It is their vocation—the function of their calling—to seek consent for wise and moral policies, so far as they are able to do so. Professor Banfield declares what he cannot possibly mean when he says "that a politician . . . must act generally in an unprincipled or even wrong way if he is to perform his indispensable function of finding the terms on which we live together in society." But there are an infinite number of possibilities in which we can live together in society, including Nazi ways, Communist ways, cannibal ways, suicidal ways (e.g., Jim Jones). Politics arises among men precisely because, unlike beehives and anthills, there are different ideas about the good or right ways to live together. The American regime was founded upon the notion that there was a way according to the laws of nature that was decent and tolerant, open to human differences, equal in opportunity, but not equal in rewards. Professor Arkes's book sees the American regime, in its Founding principles, as perhaps the finest fruit of the long tradition of political philosophy. He sees the Fathers as the most hard-headed of politicians, precisely because they saw their task in the light of political philosophy. It is the neglect of this vision which, according to Professor Arkes, is the most important cause of our present difficulties. Again, I think he is right.

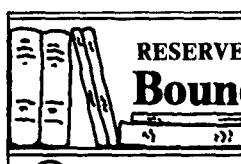
—Harry V. Jaffa
Henry Salvatori Professor
of Political Philosophy
Claremont Men's College &
Claremont Graduate School
Claremont, California

Leslie Gelb is a liberal, believes in arms control, and is undoubtedly guilty of other sins, too. I disagree with him on many issues. Nevertheless, Tom Bethell's personal attack on him in the September issue, making him out to be practically a Soviet agent, was absurd and unworthy of *The American Spectator*.

Gelb is co-author of a book about the origins of our Vietnam involvement which is one of the more sensible efforts at explaining that whole episode; in the process he debunks the paranoid theories that it was all a criminal conspiracy at the highest levels of the U.S. government. When he was a *New York Times* reporter in 1975, congressional sources fed him details of our covert aid for UNITA and the FNLA in Angola. His story got no attention because he played it straight, with no policy bias or insinuation of depravity. (A few months later, in contrast, his *Times* colleague, Seymour Hersh, printed some of the same information with a blatant anti-administration twist and a heavy admixture of tendentious errors; this helped trigger the Tunney amendment which turned Angola over to the Soviets and Cubans.) Later, while serving in the Carter State Department, Gelb was one of those advisers who attempted to save the neutron bomb. After the *Washington Post* revealed the new enhanced radiation warhead (in the hope of killing it), Gelb was one of those officials who spent months assiduously obtaining allied agreement to deploy it, only to be undercut when Carter, in a fit of messianic Christian pacifism, decided he didn't want to be identified in history with anything effective.

There are plenty of journalistic ideologues on the Left who relish trying to sabotage national policy. Gelb is more responsible than that. Bethell has had to strain quite a bit to take phrases out of a single news story and inflate them into evidence of pro-Soviet bias. It is unconvincing and unfair.

—Peter W. Rodman
Washington, D.C.



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INDEX
FOR VOLUME 14

The Index includes all articles published in The American Spectator *from January through December 1981. In the listings, the Roman numeral refers to the number of the issue, while the Arabic numerals refer to the pages on which the article appears.*

I: January 1981
II: February 1981
III: March 1981
IV: April 1981
V: May 1981
VI: June 1981
VII: July 1981
VIII: August 1981
IX: September 1981
X: October 1981
XI: November 1981
XII: December 1981

ADELSON, JOSEPH. Review of Stannard's *Shrinking History: On Freud and the Failure of Psychohistory.* I, 31-33.

BAKSHIAN, ARAM JR. "Requiem for a Beetle," II, 20-21. Review of Wharton's *The Stretchford Chronicles: 25 Years of Peter Simple.* IV, 39-40. Review of Booker's *The Games War: A Moscow Journal.* VIII, 38-39. "Having a Ball: The Reagan Presidency," IX, 15-18.
BALDWIN, FRED D. "Rising Above Principle: The Conservative Public Interest Law Firm," VIII, 12-16.
BANFIELD, EDWARD C. Review of Arkes's *The Philosopher in the City: The Moral Dimensions of Urban Politics.* XI, 36-38.
BARNES, FRED. Review of Cohen's *Roll Call: One Year in the United States Senate.* VII, 33. "Third World Counter-revolutionaries" (Spectator's Journal), XI, 23-26. "Speaking for Supply" (Presswatch), XII, 32-34.
BARTHOLOMEW, DOUGLAS. "New Albion" (The Great American Saloon Series), VII, 21-24.
BAYLES, MARTHA. "Nadine Gordimer's South Africa," XI, 18-22.
BECKER, BRENDA L. "Virgin Martyrs" (Among the Intellectualoids), VIII, 28-32.
BECKMANN, PETR. "Antinuclear Malpractice" (Among the Intellectualoids), X, 20-22.
BEICHMAN, ARNOLD. Review of Bell's *The Winding Passage: Essays and Sociological Journeys 1960-1980.* I, 33-34. "Gentlemanly Spooks" (The Public Policy), IV, 32-34. Review of Sterling's *The Terror Network: The Secret War of International Terrorism,* VI, 32-33.
BELZ, HERMAN. Review of Wills's *Explaining America: The Federalist.* VII, 26-30.
BERNS, WALTER. Review of Robinson's *Psychology and Law: Can Justice Survive the Social Sciences?* VI, 35-36. "Where the Majority Rules: A UN Diary," XI, 7-12.
BETHELL, TOM. "Capitol Ideas" (regular feature): "A Strange New Respect," I, 5-6. "The Apiculture of Socialism," II, 5-6. "Lost Continence," III, 5-6. "In Defense of Dirt," IV, 5-6. "Beyond the Ochre and Umber," V, 5-6. "Rent Asunder," VI, 5-6. "The Bloomsbury Savings & Loan," VII, 5-6. "Phrase Mating," VIII, 5-6. "Another Ventriloquist's Doll," IX, 5-6. "Every Word of It True," X, 5-6. "Solidarność Usurped," XI, 5-6. "Archaic Notions," XII, 5-6.
BISHOP, JOSEPH W. JR. Review of Lieberman's *The Litigious Society.* IX, 28-32.
BISSELL, RICHARD E. Review of Smith's *The Geopolitics of Information: How Western Culture Dominates the World.* III, 38.
BRAESTRUP, PETER. Review of Webb's *A Sense of Honor.* IX, 36-37.
BROWN, MICHAEL C. Review of Simon's *A Time For Action.* III, 38-39. Review of Higgins's *The Rat on Fire.* XI, 38-39.

CALINESCU, MATEI. "Marxism's Disoriented Despotism," V, 18-21. Review of Shafarevich's *The Socialist Phenomenon.* X, 28-31.
CARLSON, ALLAN C. "Radical Liberals, Illiberal Families," IV, 15-19. "Suckling Up to the Bourgeoisie" (The Nation's Pulse), X, 24-26.
COHEN, ELIOT. Review of *Daedalus's U.S. Defense Policy in the 1980s.* III, 29-32. Review of Kissinger's *For the Record: Selected Statements 1977-1980.* VI, 36-37. Review of Bond's *British Military Policy Between the Two World Wars* and Haggie's *The Defense of the British Empire.* XI, 34-36.

DANNHAUSER, WERNER J. "The Metaphysical Martini" (The Great American Saloon Series), IX, 26-28.
DAWIDOFF, ROBERT. "The Lingering Irrelevance of Henry Adams," IX, 7-11.
DUNLAP, JOHN R. Review of Simon's *Paradigms Lost: Reflections on Literacy and Its Decline.* IV, 35-37. Review of Smith's *Gorky Park.* IX, 32-34.

EASTLAND, TERRY. "The O'Connor Nomination" (The Public Policy), IX, 24-25.
ERTEL, GEORGE. "Billy Goat's" (The Great American Saloon Series), I, 29-30.

FREEDMAN, MORRIS. "Elliot Cohen and *Commentary*'s Campus," VIII, 16-23.
FUKUYAMA, FRANCIS. Review of Fallows's *National Defense,* IX, 34-36.

GANNON, FRANK. "The Good Dog Richard Affair," XII, 25-31.
GERARD, JAMES. "The Sixth Borough" (Spectator's Journal), III, 40.
GERSHMAN, CARL. "Huber Matos and the Coming Cuban Revolution," II, 11-13.
GILDER, JOSHUA. Review of Jong's *Fanny.* III, 36-37.
GLICK, STEPHEN P. AND STUART L. KOEHL. "The Rapid Deployment Farce," I, 18-21.
GOLD, VIC. Review of Lasky's *Never Complain, Never Explain: The Story of Henry Ford II.* XII, 39-40.
GOLDSTEIN, ERIC. Review of Wharton's *Dad.* X, 36-38.
GRAGLIA, LINO A. Review of Ackerman's *Social Justice in the Liberal State.* V, 32-34.
GREER, HERB. "Left-Hand Drive on the Road to Serfdom," VI, 16-21. "Royalty's Connubial Jamboree," IX, 18-19.
GRIFFIN, BRYAN F. "Whoring After the New Thing," I, 7-14.
GUREWITSCH, MATTHEW A. "Free Shooting Through Bohemia," X, 17-19.

HAMBY, ALONZO L. Review of Miller's *Lyndon: An Oral Biography.* II, 30-32. Review of Cohen's *Dean Rusk.* XII, 36-39.
HAVENDER, WILLIAM. "Regulatory Practices" (The Nation's Pulse), IX, 25-26.
HERZOG, DON. "Michel Foucault and the Pullulations of Power," VII, 17-19.
HOLLAND, MAURICE J. Review of Douglas's *The Court Years 1939-1975: The Autobiography of William O. Douglas.* VII, 30-32.
HOOK, SIDNEY. "The Worldly Ways of John Kenneth Galbraith," X, 7-12.

ISAAC, ERICH AND RAEL JEAN ISAAC. "Sanctifying Revolution: Protestantism's New Social Gospel," V, 7-11, 37-40.
ISAAC, RAEL JEAN AND ERICH ISAAC. "Sanctifying Revolution: Protestantism's New Social Gospel," V, 7-11, 37-40.

JAFFA, HARRY V. "'Special' Correspondence," XII, 43.

KAPLAN, ROGER. "The Worldly Politicians," IV, 20-24. "A Farewell to *Bras*" (Spectator's Journal), VII, 24. Review of Navarro's *Tocayo: A Cuban Resistance Leader's True Story.* X, 33-35.
KOEHL, STUART L. AND STEPHEN P. GLICK. "The Rapid Deployment Farce," I, 18-21.

LAWLER, PHILIP F. Review of Clark's *Man and Woman in Christ: An Examination of the Roles of Men and Women in Light of Scriptures and the Social Sciences.* III, 35-36. "A Great Pair of Eggs" (The Nation's Pulse), VI, 24-26.
LEDEEN, MICHAEL. "Presswatch" (regular feature): "Boycott the *Times*," II, 22-23. "Throwaway Countries in Throwaway Times," III, 26-28. "J.C. Superstar," VI, 21-23. "I'll Be Lying at State," VII, 20-21.
LEE, TA-LING AND IVAN D. LONDON AND MIRIAM LONDON. "China's Post-Thaw Blues," IV, 11-14.
LENKOWSKY, LESLIE. Review of Califano's *Governing America: An Insider's Report from the White House and the Cabinet.* X, 32-33.
LILLA, MARK. Review of Terkel's *American Dreams: Lost and Found.* V, 36-37. Review of Servan-Schreiber's *The World Challenge.* VIII, 35-38.
LINDBERG, TOD. "Abbie's Road to Stardust" (Eminentoes), II, 24-26.
LIPPMAN, THEO JR. Review of Blount's *Crackers.* II, 34-35. Review of Nollson's *Washington in Pieces.* X, 35-36.
LONDON, IVAN D. AND TA-LING LEE AND MIRIAM LONDON. "China's Post-Thaw Blues," IV, 11-14.
LONDON, MIRIAM AND TA-LING LEE AND IVAN D. LONDON. "China's Post-Thaw Blues," IV, 11-14.

MADDOX, ROBERT J. "The New School of Hard Knocks" (Spectator's Journal), III, 40-41.
McINERNY, RALPH. "The Wearing o' the Greene," II, 16-18. "Waugh at Peace," V, 16-18.
MILLER, ALAN L. Review of Germond and Witcover's *Blue Smoke & Mirrors.* XII, 40-41.
MILLER, STEPHEN. "Walter Whitman, Entrepreneur," II, 13-16. "Harvard Hyphenates America" (The Nation's Pulse), V, 28-31.
MUGGERIDGE, JOHN. "Catatonic Canada," V, 12-16. Review of Ferrell's *Off the Record: The Private Papers of Harry S. Truman.* VI, 34-35.
MYSAK, JOE. "Barmaids" (The Great American Saloon Series), IV, 34. "The Jersey Shore" (The Great American Saloon Series), IX, 27, 36.

NOLLSON, JOHN. "The Transition Control Center," I, 21-22. "And Toto Too?", II, 19-20. "Wenton Darlie in Transition," III, 17-18. "Men of Letters," IV, 19-20. "Cultivating the Simigawa Administrative Combine," VI, 15. "Ars Memoranda," VIII, 23. "The Soviet Bull Market," X, 19. "The Holiday Prison Inn," XI, 30.
NOLTE, WILLIAM H. Review of McCarthy's *Ideas and the Novel.* II, 33-34. Review of Wilson's *The Thirties* and Costa's *Edmund Wilson: Our Neighbor from Talcottville.* IV, 40-43. Review of Crick's *George Orwell: A Life.* VI, 31-32.
NOVAK, MICHAEL. "Better Dead Than the Living Dead: The Totalitarian Difference," XI, 12-17.
NUECHTERLEIN, JAMES. "The Post Post-Liberal Depression," VI, 7-10.

O'LESSKER, KARL. Review of Anderson and Hill's *The Birth of a Transfer Society.* III, 32-34. "The Mafia and the Kennedy Assassination," X, 12-17.
O'ROURKE, TERRY. Review of Gray's *The MX ICBM and National Security.* XI, 39, 41-42.

PAYNE, STANLEY G. Review of Bolloten's *The Spanish Revolution: The Left and the Struggle for Power during the Civil War.* IV, 37-39.
PFALTZGRAFF, ROBERT L. JR. "The Reagan Administration and the Common Defense," XII, 7-12.
PIPES, DANIEL. "No One Likes the

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Colonel," III, 18-22.
PLESZCZYNSKI, WLADYSLAW. "The Continuing Crisis" (regular feature): with Andy Stark, VIII, 2; without Andy Stark, IX, 2.
PODHORETZ, JOHN. Review of Harris's *Saul Bellow: Drumlin Woodchuck*. I, 34-36. "Growing Up Freaked" (Among the Intellectualoids), IV, 28-29. "Philip Roth, the Great American Novelist," IX, 12-14. "The Talkies" (regular feature): "Robert Redford's Feelings," II, 23-24. "A Piano Recital," III, 28. "Of *Auteurs* and Collaborators," V, 26-27. "Aristides Goes to the Movies," VII, 25. "The Great Effeminist," VIII, 27-28. "Urban Walkman," X, 27. "Much Ado About Macho," XI, 29-30.
PUDDINGTON, ARCH. Review of Vogelgesang's *American Dream Global Nightmare: The Dilemma of U.S. Human Rights Policy*. II, 28-29. "Lech vs. Leonid: Striking Out at the Kremlin," IV, 7-11.

ROBINSON, DANIEL N. "'Special' Correspondence," XII, 42-43.
RODMAN, PETER W. "Sideswipe: Kissinger, Shawcross and the Responsibility for Cambodia," III, 7-15. "Rodman Responds," VII, 14-17. Review of Herz's *The Prestige Press and the Christmas Bombings, 1972: Images and Reality in Vietnam*. VIII, 34-35.
ROGERS, BYRON. Review of Hunter's *Malcolm Muggeridge: A Life*. XII, 35-36.
ROSS, MITCHELL S. Review of de Borchgrave and Moss's *The Spike*. II, 30. "Alvin's Song" (Among the Intellectualoids), VI, 27-30. "Metaphysical Conceits" (Eminentoes), VIII, 24-27. Review of Liebling's *Liebling Abroad*. X, 36.

SHWARTZ, RONALD B. Review of James's *Unreliable Memoirs*. VIII, 39-41.
SEABURY, PAUL. "Tailgunning for the Hollywood Ten" (Eminentoes), IV, 25-27.
SHATTAN, JOSEPH. "The New Class and the Big Bang" (The Nation's Pulse), IV, 30-32.
SHAWCROSS, WILLIAM. "Shawcross Swipes Again," VII, 7-13.
SINGER, S. FRED. "The United States Takes a Dive" (The Public Policy), V, 22, 24-26.
SISK, JOHN P. "The Playboy and the Czar: Images of Insatiability," XII, 19-24.
SKIDELSKY, ROBERT. "The Involuntary Unemployment of John Maynard Keynes," VIII, 7-12.
SOLOVYOV, VLADIMIR. "The Lush's Paradise" (The Great American [Russian] Saloon Series), X, 22-24.
STARK, ANDY. "An Even More Dismal Science" (The Public Policy), I, 26-29. "The Virtues of Complexity," VI, 13-14, 37-41. "The Continuing Crisis" (regular feature), with Wladyslaw Pleszczynski, VIII, 2.
STILLMAN, WHIT. "Sleazy, Soapy, and Rich" (The Nation's Pulse), III, 23-26.

TAKI. "Ugly Women," III, 16-17.
TERZIAN, PHILIP. Review of Ledeen and Lewis's *Debacle: The American Failure in Iran*. XI, 31-34.
TODD, OLIVIER. "Picture This Exhibition" (European Document), VI, 26.
TUNG, TUNG. "One Baby for You, One Baby for Me," I, 15-17.
TUNNEY, SUSAN. "'Special' Correspondence," I, 23-24.
TYRRELL, R. EMMETT JR. "The Continuing Crisis" (regular feature): I, 2. II, 2. III, 2. IV, 2. V, 2. VI, 2. VII, 2. X, 2. XI, 2. XII, 2.
"Editorial" (regular feature): "The Worst Book of the Year," I, 4-5. "Jimmy: At the End of the Revels," II, 4-5, 36. "T.V.'s Debauch," III, 4-5. "The Pearl Harbor of Their Youth," IV, 4-5. "That Warm Oval-Shaped Vacuum," V, 4-5. "Down and Out in Liberal Fashion," VI, 4-5. "Journalism Amongst the Elks," VII, 4-5. "Bouquets for the Israelites," VIII, 4. "Animal Rights," VIII, 4, 43. "French Socialism at Work," IX, 4-5. "My Kind of Bomb," X, 4. "My Kind of Art," X, 5, 41. "While Germany Sleeps," XI, 4. "The Sidewalks of Rome," XI, 5, 42. "Cavemen on the Hill," XII, 4-5.

VAN DEN HAAG, ERNEST. "Bedpan Hospitality" (The Nation's Pulse), XII, 31-32.
VARON, BENNO WEISER. "Don't Cry for Jacobo Timerman," IX, 19-23.

WAJSMAN, PATRICK. "Surviving Together" (European Document), II, 26-27.
WANNISKI, JUDE. "A Supply-Side Foreign Policy," II, 7-10.
WELCH, COLIN. "London's Riots" (European Document), VIII, 32-33.
WETTERGREEN, JOHN. Review of Hayman's *Nietzsche: A Critical Life*. V, 34-36.
WILL, GEORGE. "Matriculating on the Margin of History," VI, 11-12.

INDEX
BOOKS REVIEWED

ACKERMAN, BRUCE. *Social Justice in the Liberal State* (Lino A. Graglia). V, 32-34.
ANDERSON, TERRY L. AND PETER J. HILL. *The Birth of a Transfer Society* (Karl O'Lessker). III, 32-34.
ARKES, HADLEY. *The Philosopher in the City: The Moral Dimensions of Urban Politics* (Edward C. Banfield). XI, 36-38.

BELL, DANIEL. *The Winding Passage: Essays and Sociological Journeys 1960-1980* (Arnold Beichman). I, 33-34.
BLOUNT, ROY JR. *Crackers* (Theo Lippman, Jr.). II, 34-35.
BOLLOTEN, BURNETT. *The Spanish Revolution: The Left and the Struggle for Power During the Civil War* (Stanley G. Payne). IV, 37-39.
BOND, BRIAN. *British Military Policy Between the Two World Wars* (Eliot Cohen). XI, 34-36.
BOOKER, CHRISTOPHER. *The Games War: A Moscow Journal* (Aram Bakshian, Jr.). VIII, 38-39.

CALIFANO, JOSEPH A. JR. *Governing America: An Insider's Report from the White House and the Cabinet* (Leslie Lenkowsky). X, 32-33.
CLARK, STEPHEN B. *Man and Woman in Christ: An Examination of the Roles of Men and Women in Light of Scriptures and the Social Sciences* (Philip F. Lawler). III, 35-36.
COHEN, WARREN I. *Dean Rusk* (Alonzo L. Hamby). XII, 36-39.
COHEN, SENATOR WILLIAM S. *Roll Call: One Year in the United States Senate* (Fred Barnes). VII, 33.
COSTA, RICHARD HAUER. *Edmund Wilson: Our Neighbor from Talcottville* (William H. Nolte). IV, 40-43.
CRICK, BERNARD. *George Orwell: A Life* (William H. Nolte). VI, 31-32.

DAEDALUS. *U.S. Defense Policy in the 1980s* (Eliot Cohen). III, 29-32.
DE BORCHGRAVE, ARNAUD AND ROBERT MOSS. *The Spike* (Mitchell S. Ross). II, 30.
DOUGLAS, WILLIAM O. *The Court Years 1939-1975: The Autobiography of William O. Douglas* (Maurice J. Holland). VII, 30-32.

FALLOWS, JAMES. *National Defense* (Francis Fukuyama). IX, 34-36.
FERRELL, ROBERT H., ed. *Off the Record: The Private Papers of Harry S. Truman* (John Muggeridge). VI, 34-35.

GERMOND, JACK W. AND JULES WITCOVER. *Blue Smoke & Mirrors* (Alan L. Miller), XII, 40-41.
GRAY, COLIN S. *The MX ICBM and National Security* (Terry O'Rourke). *XI, 39, 41-42.*

HAGGIE, PAUL. *Britannia at Bay: The Defense of the British Empire Against Japan 1931-1941* (Eliot Cohen). XI, 34-36.
HARRIS, MARK. *Saul Bellow: Drumlin Woodchuck* (John Podhoretz). I, 34-36.
HAYMAN, RONALD. *Nietzsche: A Critical Life* (John Wettergreen). V, 34-36.
HERZ, MARTIN F. *The Prestige Press and the Christmas Bombing, 1972: Images and Reality in Vietnam* (Peter W. Rodman). VIII, 34-35.
HIGGINS, GEORGE V. *The Rat on Fire* (Michael C. Brown), XI, 38-39.
HILL, PETER J. AND TERRY L. ANDERSON. *The Birth of a Transfer Society* (Karl O'Lessker). III, 32-34.
HUNTER, IAN. *Malcolm Muggeridge: A Life* (Byron Rogers). XII, 35-36.

JAMES, CLIVE. *Unreliable Memoirs* (Ronald B. Shwartz). VIII, 39, 41.
JONG, ERICA. *Fanny* (Joshua Gilder). III, 36-37.

KISSINGER, HENRY. *For the Record: Selected Statements, 1977-1980* (Eliot Cohen). VI, 36-37.

LASKY, VICTOR. *Never Complain, Never Explain: The Story of Henry Ford II* (Vic Gold). XII, 39-40.
LEDEEN, MICHAEL AND WILLIAM LEWIS. *Debacle: The American Failure in Iran* (Philip Terzian). XI, 31-34.
LEWIS, WILLIAM AND MICHAEL LEDEEN. *Debacle: The American Failure in Iran* (Philip Terzian). XI, 31-34.
LIEBERMAN, JETHRO K. *The Litigious Society* (Joseph W. Bishop, Jr.). IX, 28-32.
LIEBLING, A.J. *Liebling Abroad* (Mitchell S. Ross). X, 36.

McCARTHY, MARY. *Ideas and the Novel* (William H. Nolte). II, 33-34.
MILLER, MERLE. *Lyndon: An Oral Biography* (Alonzo L. Hamby). II, 30-32.
MOSS, ROBERT AND ARNAUD DE BORCHGRAVE. *The Spike* (Mitchell S. Ross). II, 30.

NAVARRO, ANTONIO. *Tocayo: A Cuban Resistance Leader's True Story* (Roger Kaplan). X, 33-35.
NOLLSON, JOHN. *Washington in Pieces* (Theo Lippman, Jr.). X, 35-36.

ROBINSON, DANIEL N. *Psychology and Law: Can Justice Survive the Social Sciences?* (Walter Berns). VI, 35-36.

SERVAN-SCHREIBER, JEAN-JACQUES *The World Challenge* (Mark Lilla). VIII, 35-38.
SHAFAREVICH, IGOR. *The Socialist Phenomenon* (Matei Calinescu). X, 28-31.
SIMON, WILLIAM E. *A Time for Action* (Michael C. Brown). III, 38-39.
SIMON, JOHN. *Paradigms Lost: Reflections on Literacy and Its Decline* (John R. Dunlap). IV, 35-37.
SMITH, ANTHONY. *The Geopolitics of Information: How Western Culture Dominates the World* (Richard E. Bissell). III, 38.
SMITH, MARTIN CRUZ. *Gorky Park* (John R. Dunlap). IX, 32-34.
STANNARD, DAVID E. *Shrinking History: On Freud and the Failure of Psychohistory* (Joseph Adelson). I, 31-33.
STERLING, CLAIRE. *The Terror Network: The Secret War of International Terrorism* (Arnold Beichman). VI, 32-33.

TERKEL, STUDS. *American Dreams: Lost and Found* (Mark Lilla). V, 36-37.

VOGELGESANG, SANDY. *American Dream Global Nightmare: The Dilemma of U.S. Human Rights Policy* (Arch Puddington). II, 28-29.

WEBB, JAMES. *A Sense of Honor* (Peter Braestrup). IX, 36-37.
WHARTON, MICHAEL. *The Stretchford Chronicles: 25 Years of Peter Simple* (Aram Bakshian, Jr.). IV, 39-40.
WHARTON, WILLIAM. *Dad* (Eric Goldstein). X, 36-38.
WILLS, GARRY. *Explaining America: The Federalist* (Herman Belz). VII, 26-30.
WILSON, EDMUND. *The Thirties* (William H. Nolte). IV, 40-43.
WITCOVER, JULES AND JACK W. GERMOND. *Blue Smoke & Mirrors* (Alan L. Miller). XII, 40-41.

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CURRENT WISDOM

The Washington Post

Dr. Carl T. Rowan speaks from the heart:

These are times when I want to ask the Lord to deliver us back to the days of Stepin Fetchit, Aunt Jemima and Uncle Tom.

The old-style black, illiterate, obsequious "handkerchief heads" were an embarrassment, but they were harmless compared with the "educated" blacks who are now the darlings of the far right.

I don't know when I've been as disgusted as I was recently watching Thomas Sowell on a TV interview dishing out bull under the label of scholarship.

Okay, Sowell has a right to be a conservative and to articulate far-right views. But I must exercise my right to say that Vidkun Quisling, in his collaboration with the Nazis, surely did not do as much damage to the Norwegians as Sowell is doing to the most helpless of black Americans. Sowell is giving aid and comfort to America's racists and to those who, in the name of conservatism and frugality, are taking food out of the mouths of black children, consigning hundreds of thousands of black teenagers to joblessness and hopelessness . . .

[*September 29, 1981*]

The Progressive

Another horripilation passed to the readers of the *Progressive* while their countrymen sleep:

That is the problem with our incorrigible CIA: It is a terrorist organization in design, purpose, and execution, and if the American people ever decide that they don't want their Government engaging in the business of terrorism, they will have to begin by dismantling the CIA. Not "reforming" it, or regulating it, or subjecting it to "guidelines," or investigating it, but putting it out of business.

[*September 1981*]

The Village Voice

The advanced condition of feminist analysis and elocution as manifest radiantly in an elegantly crafted critique of some past *Voice*:

In the June 17-23 issue of the *Voice*, Ellen Willis writes powerfully about sexuality. . . . It was therefore with outrage and grief that I encountered the errata statement concerning the article in the next edition of the paper—so outraged and griefstricken that it has taken me this long to write this response. The statement acknowledges a hefty typographical error in Willis's piece, states that by collective decision it has been decided to let readers put it back together, and then goes on to say that whoever first sends in the corrected article will receive a copy of the *Hite Report on Male Sexuality*, and the runner-up will receive a nude photograph of Margaret Thatcher. With this unintentional attempt at total disempowerment and control, some stunning contradictions are coming home to roost. In one fell swoop, the statement, with ghastly flippancy, patronizes readers by insidiously manipulating their feelings about their intelligence— "You're smart because you're *our* readers, but you're not as smart as we are because we're going to suck you into this contest where the prizes are a couple of off-the-wall women who think they're smart which keeps you scared to take risks and keeps you competing among each other to be smart in the way we are, and besides the prizes are so dumb that even if you win, you lose, and what schmucks you are to take the article that seriously in the first place"—and then goes on to further degrade Willis, Hite, and Thatcher as *women*. By making the correction process into a contest where the prizes are clearly intended to be undesirable because of their politics, the overt implication is that these prizes are undesirable, not only politically, but *sexually*, an important dimension of this attempt at gross disempowerment, and surely occasioned as backlashed to Willis's reasoned insistence on sexual autonomy for women. . . .

This is outrage. It is also not an isolated occurrence. Another out of many instances is Guy Trebay, writing about Minnie Mouse in the August 5-11 issue of the *Voice:* "The girlfriend! In her $10 Baker's shoes, her spotted hair-ribbon, her Ruth Gordon smacker. She wasn't a mouse. She was dog." This is absolute savagery. Do you have any sense at all how terrifying and isolating it is to *constantly* feel that someone can control your whole life because you are thoroughly coerced into competition and survival? I listened to my mother confess hesitantly and painfully a few weeks ago about how she decided to become "a good leaning post" because she didn't look like Greta Garbo. And then she looked at me and said, "but you wouldn't understand that, you were always the pretty one." Our whole lives. And are you aware that millions of women can only *afford* $10 shoes at Baker's and what that feels like, day in and day out? This manipulation of human intelligence and the debasement of our bodily selves is the essence of domination—race, sex, and class. The result is painful division among human beings and subsequent powerlessness. This has no place in a paper which proposes to be a voice for me, or anyone else.

And it is supposed to be funny and we are supposed to laugh at our powerless degraded selves, and if we don't we are of course told that we have no sense of humor and worse, much worse. It is yet another joke at the excruciating expense of women, which women internalize, and which keeps the patterned male ego where it feels it has to be, presenting control and domination as power, hating its needy, terrified, [etc., etc., etc.]

[*September 16-22, 1981*]

The Washington Post

A philosophical ramble with a modern campus sophisticate:

A DREAM DEFERRED: What happens to a dream deferred? A nightmarish image appears of hard-hearted, White House white men in pin-stripe suits—an American flag pinned on one lapel and a "never" button on the other—chanting old-time segregationist prattle: "Five, six, seven, eight, we're not going to integrate!" I awake and realize this image is an exaggeration but my fear lingers. The future looks black (white?).

—Alvin F. Poussaint
Associate Professor of Psychiatry
Harvard Medical School
Cambridge, Massachusetts

[*September 28, 1981*]

Today

(Westchester County, New York)

Somewhere in the wilds of Westchester County, New York, the lowdown on our genial president from Mr. Sam Donaldson, aspiring Cronkite:

President Ronald Reagan is living in the past and is deathly afraid that "the Russians are coming," ABC-TV White House Correspondent Sam Donaldson says. . . .

"The president thinks the Russians are still openly preaching world domination," the reporter said.

Donaldson said that Reagan does not involve himself in the day-to-day decision-making processes.

"He doesn't want to be awakened for anything less than World War III," Donaldson said.

[*September 16, 1981*]

The Washington Post

The buzz between the ears of an American holy man, the Rev. Timothy S. Healy, president of Georgetown University:

It would be considerably easier to live with America's "new righteousness" if it did not evoke a national mood of rancor. Spanish-speaking welfare mothers are hooted down in Miami; the state of Texas finds that all its oil won't buy schooling for 11,000 children of illegal immigrants; and for the last few years the Coast Guard has turned back the "huddled masses yearning to be free." Such narrowing moods and bouts of meanness have been recurrent in our history. We deny our generosity, we constrict what used to be called in church rhetoric the "bowels of compassion," we duck the imperatives of our history. These recurrences have found different names: Nativism, Know-Nothingism, America First, the Ku Klux Klan, McCarthyism. The name doesn't matter, since the new righteousness is really very old, and since, mercifully, it is seldom the majority it claims to be.

[*October 7, 1981*]

Vegetarian Times

Autobiographical *pensées* from Mr. Mark Allen, revolutionary:

During one period in my life when I was meditating a lot and attempting to do without a sustained romantic relationship, I got passionately into white sugar. Every afternoon, I would go to my favorite donut shop and have a huge, gloppy, sugary mess. I looked forward to it intensely, and enjoyed it immensely. But I would leave with a feeling of not being fulfilled—and so I knew something was going on. It wasn't the sugar I was craving, it was something else—like love and affection. But my sugar fetish persisted, to the point where I was spending a lot of time and going out of my way to feed my sugar habit.

I decided to do something about it, and considered several possibilities, from cold turkey to overindulgence. Then I decided to try a tantric experiment. I went to my favorite donut shop and ordered *four* huge gloppy sweet things, and a cup of coffee. I ate every one of them, and ordered three more, and another cup of coffee. The woman behind the counter looked at me as if I were totally crazy. And, in a way, she was right—but there was a method to my madness. I started into the second batch, when suddenly my body started screaming (inwardly, to myself—not outwardly, fortunately) "*Stop! Enough! Yuck! This is crazy!*" So I left, feeling somewhat nauseous and buzzy from all that sugar and coffee.

The next day I felt absolutely no desire for sweets of any kind.

[*September 1981*]

The Indianapolis Star

The eminent Daniel S. Ward, Grand Kleagle of Purdue University's United Nations' Chapter, notifies the citizens of greater Indianapolis of the heroics of that esteemed international body and of the benighted condition of one James Jackson Kilpatrick:

James J. Kilpatrick's column of Sept. 22 suggesting that news of the United Nations be put "back on the comic pages" shows a blatant lack of knowledge concerning the activities of the UN. While his attack on the General Assembly's actions is open for debate, depending on one's political ideology, Kilpatrick asks the question, "Why the UN?" This question demonstrates his ignorance of the organization's importance.

The UN has declared 1981 the "International Year of the Disabled Person." Through this worldwide recognition, numerous myths about the handicapped have been dispelled and many disabled persons who have been aided by this international education are now able to enjoy life as accepted members of their communities.

The UN also declared the 1980s the "World Water Decade." It is estimated that as much as 80 percent of all disease is caused by or related to impure water. Through research in this and other nations, the UN is striving to solve one of the world's greatest problems. Apparently Kilpatrick does not find this news worthy of front-page coverage.

—Daniel S. Ward
Purdue Chapter
United Nations Association
West Lafayette, Indiana

[*October 2, 1981*]

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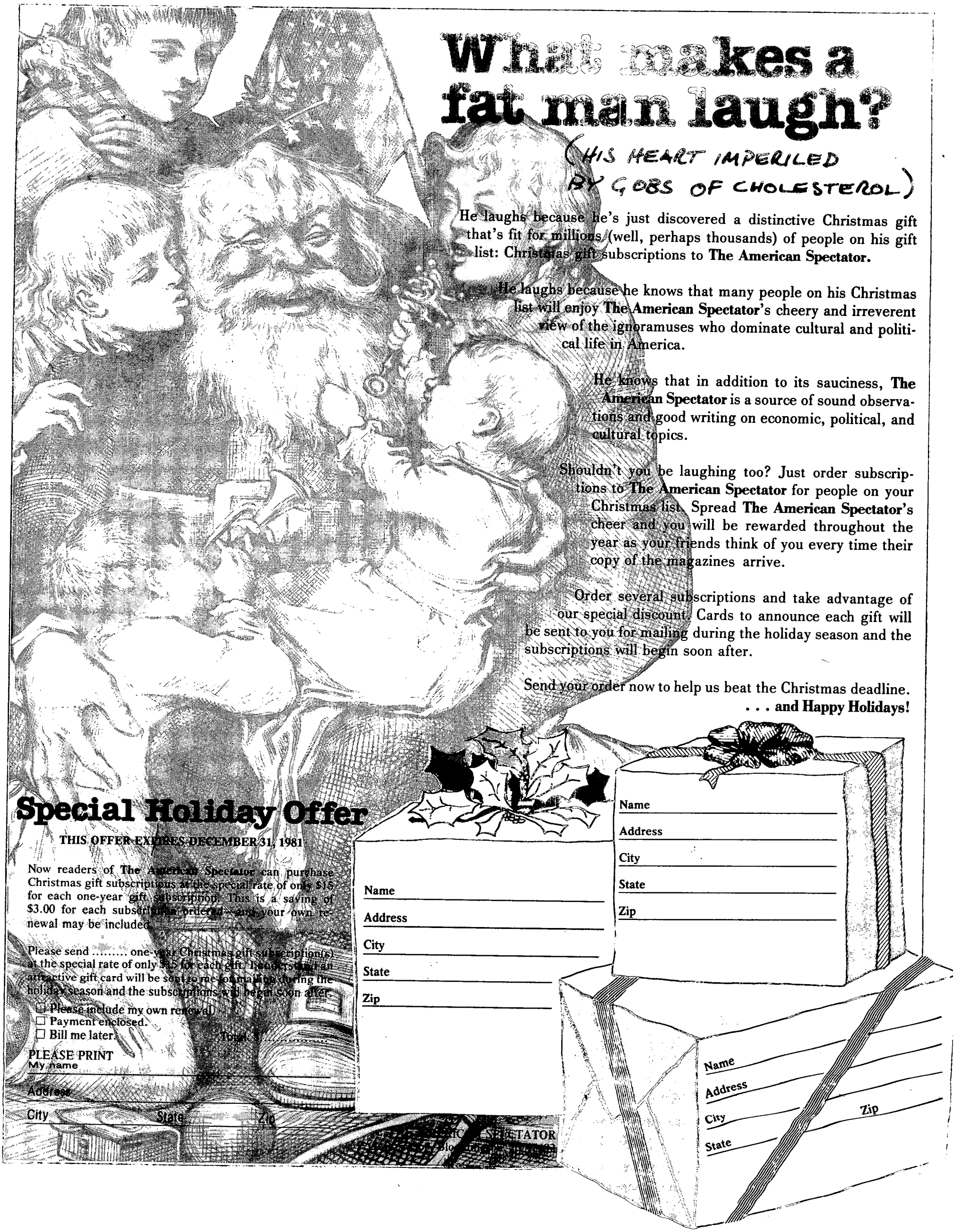

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